THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE IRISH STAGE.

Some Reminiscences of the Days of Its Glory By An Old Playgoer.

While Garrick, the Englishman, Has Had His Biographer, His Great Irish Rival, Barry, Remains Practically Unknown to Our Generation.

[*Irish Weekly Independent.*]

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Having refreshed himself, and lighted a well-blackened meerschaum, the old playgoer went on with his story:

"Although the Irish stage was the arena of many triumphs, and though the people of Dublin were liberal patrons of the drama, the conduct of a theatre proved ruinous, in almost every instance, to those who undertook it. Almost immediately after the restoration Smock Alley Theatre was opened by Thomas Ogilvy, who, previous to the Civil War, had been associated in the management of a theatre in Werburgh street, with James Shirley, the dramatist. In the course of time the theatre which, I ought to tell you, stood upon the site of the Church of SS. Michael and John, fell into the hands of Thomas Sheridan, who devoted the best years of his life, and not without success, to raising up the Irish stage from the state of lowliness in which he found it. At his invitation Garrick visited Ireland for the second time, and the playgoers of Dublin had then an opportunity of comparing the merits of three of the finest actors of that or any other time. Spranger Barry had just burst forth on an astonished world, as the saying is, at this time, and seriously threatened Garrick's claim to the foremost place in the ranks of the profession. He possessed a splendid stage presence and a voice whose silvery tones rang out with thrilling distinctness. He was the beau ideal of a stage lover and was one of the finest Othellos that has ever figured on the boards.

"Sheridan, who was also an Irishman, was a scholarly man and effective actor, too, and in some respects might challenge superiority with his distinguished compeers. Sheridan spent money lavishly during the early years of his management, and by always securing the services of the best available talent, soon placed the theatre upon a secure footing. He went through many vicissitudes, of which I shall tell you the particulars some other time, but the event to which I wish to allude now is that which induced him to sell the theatre and quit Dublin in disgust. Beautiful Mistress Woffington, who, you know, was born of very humble parentage in Dublin, had been specially engaged by Sheridan at £400 for the season. She became the rage of the town. The papers sang her praise and poets strewed flowers plucked from the slopes of Parnassus at her feet, the burden of their song being somewhat in the vein of the couplet—

A form above description, and a mind
By judgment tempered and by wit refined.

She drew, as we say now-a-days, like wildfire, and money rained into the coffers of the theatre. At this time Sheridan carried into effect the idea of establishing a society called the 'Beefsteak Club.' He intended that it should consist only of the actors attached to the theatre, but, by some means which I have never been able to comprehend, the membership became composed only of noblemen and the officials of the vice-regal court. Peg Woffington was the only female admitted to their reunions, and was elected the first president of the club. Whether, with or without foundation I cannot say, a suspicion grew up among the popular party that the 'Beefsteak Club' had been founded for a political object opposed to the sympathies of the community at large. Mr. Sheridan's personal popularity began to wane. But the feeling to which this conviction gave rise found no expression until one evening when a piece called 'Mahomet' was presented. Mr. Digges was playing Alcanor, who speaks some lines that are anything but complimentary to place-hunters and official lackeys. The actor delivered the passage with due effect, and was proceeding when a cry of encore went up from the pit, and was repeated and maintained by the gallery. Digges was at a loss how to behave, for the request was an unusual one, but he at length yielded to the demand, and repeated the speech amid applause.

"A month later the play was again performed. The house was packed, and its temper was understood when Digges was greeted with extraordinary warmth on his first appearance. Things went smoothly enough, however, until Alcanor again spoke his denunciation of the powers that be. The demand for a repetition was imperative. The actor found it impossible to go on; so, stepping to the front, he informed the audience that it would be 'injurious' to him if he complied with the request. Thereupon the uproar increased, and the cry of 'Sheridan, Sheridan,' was raised. The manager, however, for some fatuous reason, declined to come forward. Instead, he divested himself of his stage garb and went home in a chair. Mistress Woffington sought in vain to allay the tumult. Her connection with the Beefsteak Club was known, and she was flouted off the stage. Digges again came forward and denied that he had been instructed by Mr. Sheridan not to repeat the lines, but the audience regarded this as a lame excuse, and insisted on seeing the manager. When told that he had gone home, they said that they would wait an hour for him. But Sheridan declined to return when the messengers came to his house. After the hour had elapsed the ringleaders arose from their places, and, having first conducted the ladies in boxes to their chairs in the street, gave the signal to commence. The storm burst forth then with awful violence. With drawn swords the rioters attacked the furniture and slashed the upholstery. They wrenched the benches from their places, and smashed the candelebra to atoms. Their vandalism, however, reached its height when they quitted the wrecked auditorium for the stage and began an onslaught on the scenery. They cut every canvas that was within their reach into ribands, pulled down the flies, and broke the framework of the side wings. The stage dresses, fortunately, had been placed out of harm's way, and the attempt made to enter the rooms where they were stored proved unsuccessful.

"Before leaving the rioters pulled the cage from the doorkeeper's box and flung it in among the debris in the hope that the fire which burned in it would ignite the woodwork and thus start a conflagration that would reduce the building to ashes. Happily the desired result did not ensue. Of course an officer of the law was not to be found, and it was only in the small wee hours of the morning that a vigilant deputy constable arrived on the scene. It is not unnatural that this ungracious return for years of service discouraged Sheridan, and sent him in search of "fresher fields and pastures new." Now, why on earth people introduce politics into the theatre I cannot understand. Goodness knows, we have a satiety of it elsewhere. The newspapers teem with articles on them, and cram their columns with long speeches which nobody, I believe, ever reads. You can't sit in a restaurant without hearing some fierce partisan firing off a scathing phillipic of his political opponents between the bites, and in the bar of the theatre it's not the play fellows talk about but politics still. I believe it's politics that has ruined the theatre in Ireland, and placed the playgoer at the complete mercy of the third-rate touring company. However, I suppose we have only to grin and bear it, for I dare say we can never change all that until the Millenium arrives. Perhaps a still more unfortunate Dublin manager was Frederick Jones. Some time in the forties—of course I'm speaking of the last century—a music or concert hall was opened in [illegible]

It was here, as you know, that Handel produced for the first time his 'Messiah,' the 'Acis and Galatea,' and the 'Ode to St. Cecilia's Day.' The establishment was never very successful, and the owners were glad to accept the terms of Lord Westmeath and Jones when they offered to take it over for the purpose of a private theatre.

"Some years later Jones succeeded Richard Daly, who had been the last manager of Smock alley, as patentee of Crow street, which was then the only theatre in Dublin. He expended a large sum of money in renovating and decorating the building, while he at the same time engaged himself in heavy monetary responsibilities with his predecessor. In order to obtain the funds necessary to carry out his design and fulfil his undertakings Jones issued shares. But he could never make the concern pay. Two serious riots took place under his management, and the consequent rehabilitation of the theatre plunged him heavily into debt. The persons who had an interest in the theatre sold out, and subsequently the government withdrew his and granted a new patent for a theatre to Henry Harris, of Covent Garden, who subsequently built the Theatre Royal. Jones declined to hand over the property to Harris before the necessary legal instruments were completed, and he was thereupon flung into the Marshalsea for debt. This ended his career, poor devil. Compensation for the maltreatment he received was made by the government some years later, when a patent for a theatre was given to his sons. Under this authority the Calverts opened a house in Lower Abbey street about 1833. Mr. John Charles Joseph purchased this patent some time later and started in Brunswick street an establishment called the Adelphi, upon the site of which the present Queen's Theatre stands. Some other time I'll tell you more about the history of the Queen's. Have another glass of wine? No. Very well, then, come up soon again—mind the step—good night."

THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

[*New York Irish-American, July 21.*]

It will be a matter of gratification to all the friends of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, to know that the subject of the reorganization of the old historic Irish-American corps has been actively taken up at the headquarters of the National Guard, in Albany; and that Governor Blower is acting in the direction of having the regiment restored to its former position in the National Guard. So deeply interested in this matter is Governor Flower, that he stated, unreservedly, to a representative of the *Irish-American*, that he not only wanted the Sixty-ninth reinstated in its old position, but that also it should stand as second to no other regiment in the National Guard. That is a clear declaration of the good will of the commander-in-chief for the historic Irish-American regiment of New York. Now, the business of those who desire to assist in re-organizing the regiment is to go to work to fill up the proposed new companies with the right material. Already enough recruits have offered themselves to swell the ranks to the full force of a thousand men; but the medical and recruiting staff have exercised a wise discretion in relecting only the most eligible candidates. That course may delay, for a little while, the ultimate restoration of the Sixty-ninth to its regimental standing; but the delay will be beneficial, for it will result in the regiment resuming its old place, in the National Guard, with an array of rank and file such as it has not shown since, in the hour of the Union's peril, in 1861, it swept down Broadway, twelve hundred strong, under Col. Michael Corcoran, on its way to the defense of the National capital. The Sixty-ninth is as ready today as it was then for the defense of the Republic. But the incompetents—the "barnacles"—that, in recent years, attached themselves to the regiment for their own selfish purposes, have to be got rid of before it can resume its old historic place.

THE IRISH GREEN FLAG AND THE ENGLISH UNION JACK.

BY JOHN C. O'NEILL.

[In an interview with a representative of the *Irish Republic* at the Astor House, New York, Father Sheehy, in answer to the question would he be willing to live under the Union Jack, said: "I accept the Union Jack as the logical sequence of home rule; its the corollary, and we are prepared to accept the Union Jack as our flag.]

Furl that banner, pull it down; up with the English red,
For the men who raised the green flag high are numbered with the dead,
And coward hands now clasp the staff that once was girt with steel,
And, whining like base mongrels, to Erin's tyrant's kneel.

Pull that war-worn banner down, forget the gory past;
Let Erin's glory disappear on Whiggery's burning blast.
It matters not that o'er Red Hugh its emerald folds waved high,
And that Wolfe Tone and Emmet, brave, for it were proud to die.

Furl it, hide it in the gloom of centuries of wrong,
Lest it should remind us that Erin once was strong,
And hurled her pirate foemen back in disaster and defeat;
Fold the green flag ere we read the tale of 'Ninety-eight.

Furl it, o'er an Irish line it never more shall wave.
Hide it, for the gallant men, the faithful and the brave,
Who swore it should in freedom float are now for ever still,
And Irish pikes no more shall fence the crest of Oulart Hill.

O'er Sarsfield's men it floated high, at red Benburb 'twas seen,
Girt round by Owen's chivalry with pikes and sabres keen,
And Erin's flag led Erin's sons 'gainst treacherous Munroe,
And waved in triumph o'er the clans of gallant Owen Roe.

At Glenmalure it led the van with fierce and maatial joy,
It saved the throne of gallant France at glorious Fontenoy;
Beside Napoleon's eagles in headlong charge 'twas seen,
But Irish Whigs would ban today our own immortal green.

At Marye's Hill, when thunder growled, and shot fell thick and fast,
The flag of dear old Ireland braved battle's fiery blast;
When Southern hail smote down in death the troops of Burnside,
Led on by "Meagher of the Sword," it turned the fatal tide.

At Arklow town, in 'Ninety-eight, the rebel banner led
The men of gallant Father Mike against the English red;
Bright gleamed the pike at New Ross town, and vengeful cries were shrill,
When the rebel green flag led the charge on bloody Vinegar Hill.

The flag for which Lord Edward died must never be unfurled,
And Ireland, alas, must bear the scorn of the world.
The British ensign must be ours, for so the Whigs have said,
'Tis absurd now to fight to raise the green above the red.

No more the green flag shall illume the rebels' gloomy track,
And from the Liffey to the Foyle the British Union Jack
Shall flaunt aloft its crimson folds, and remind us we are slaves,
What wonder if our sires rose out of their bloody graves?

Parnell, prophetic were thy words, our land has been betrayed,
Thy foes and ours 'gainst freedom's cause with England are arrayed,
But, come what may, we'll still advance let weary cowards lag;
There are still brave men in Ireland to carry on the flag.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

PARNELL'S BROTHER

Is Nominated for Parliament from South Meath by the Independent Nationalist Convention.

Caustic Speech of Mr. John Redmond in which He Exposes the Knavery of the English Whigs and the Fatuity of their Irish Allies.

At a meeting of the electors of South Meath, Ireland, held on July 11, Mr. John Howard Parnell, brother of the late Irish leader, was nominated for parliament vice Mr. James J. Dalton, who has permanently settled in Australia. The constituency is regarded as McCarthyite.

At the public meeting held after the nomination Mr. John E. Redmond, M. P., delivered the following stirring and significant speech:

Mr. Redmond said: Mr. Parnell has been selected as the Nationalist candidate for this county of Meath by the unanimous vote of this convention, and I am convinced that should he accept the nomination—as I have every reason to believe he will—I am convinced he will succeed in carrying the flag of this historic county to victory once more. (Cheers.) Mr. Parnell will be an ideal candidate. He will represent to the tenant farmers the man and the men who kept a roof-tree over their heads for the last fifteen years. He will go forward as a brother and a representative of a man who reduced their rents and enabled them to continue to live in their own country. (Cheers.) He will go before the people as a man bearing the historic name of Pornell, which, in the old days, was identified with the struggle for National Independence, and I am convinced that no man that could be proposed by the Nationalists of this county could possibly excite the enthusiasm and confidence that will be inspired by your new candidate, and, as I am convinced, he will be soon your new member. (Cheers.) I congratulate you with all my heart on the business-like, orderly, and sensible manner in which you conducted your deliberations. I congratulate you on the selection you have made, and I hope that the conventions yet to be held in Ireland will give as solid proof of good sense and patriotism as has been given by you this evening. (Cheers.)

The political situation at this moment is of the most extraordinary character. In fact, I do not think that at any time for the last twenty years has the cause of Irish Legislative Independence stood in as great danger as at this moment. (Hear, hear.) The question which the people of Ireland will have to decide at the next election is a very simple one, and one which, indeed, they ought not to postpone to the next election, but should consider and decide on now. It is: Do they want to get Home Rule in their lifetime or do they not? When we went to Parliament and demanded from the Government a pledge to that effect they refused to give it, and now we find that a deliberate plot is on foot to prolong the life of this Parliament during the whole of next year. I speak by the card. The other day Mr. Justin McCarthy made a speech in England in which he said that the whole of next session—that is, the year 1895—would be devoted to passing English measures into law, and that he saw no reason whatever why the dissolution of Parliament should be hastened. The position of affairs at this moment is that Home Rule cannot be passed without a dissolution. If a dissolution were taken when we demanded it should be taken it would have been fought in England under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone is now gone, and his place is taken by a man who admittedly does not care one straw for Ireland or Ireland's claims. (Hear, hear.) If the general election is still further postponed Ireland can gain nothing in the interval, because the House of Lords will pass no measure of good for Ireland in the interval, and the Liberal Party cannot be in a better position to carry Home Rule at an election after one or two or three years than it can be now. This is a deliberate plot to postpone the dissolution year after year, dangling all the time before the Irish people some measure which the English Government do not intend to introduce, or if they do, they do not intend to pass into law. With regard to the evicted tenants' question they have after two years of inactivity introduced a bill—a defective bill—but I pass that by for the moment. It is introduced not to be passed. They know it won't be passed. If they intended it to pass they would have provided for more money to enable the evicted tenants to get into their homes. (Hear, hear.) They could have passed the bill if they put sufficient money into it to induce the landlords to agree, but they have been niggardly in point of money, and I say this bill has no chance of passing, and the intention when it is rejected by the House of Lords is to say that the Government must remain in office next year, and they will introduce the bill again. (Hear, hear.) The deliberate plot is from year to year to continue this Government in power, for no good to Ireland, and for no good to anyone except the Liberal Party, who are dividing the loaves and fishes amongst themselves. (Hear, hear.) I have here a quotation from a speech made by Mr. Dillon yesterday in Manchester. He says: "What then is it that stands between the Irish people and the realization of all their hopes? It is not the Liberal leaders. It is not the people of Great Britain. It is the House of Lords, and therefore our business as practical politicians is to look round and estimate by what means we can soonest break that power, and thus open the road to liberty to Ireland. He held that they were doing rightly and wisely by their people and by the cause of Ireland in gathering and organizing for one great assault upon the House of Lords before the time came for asking the verdict of the people. What use would it be to have a premature election, even if they came back to the House of Commons with a majority in favor of Home Rule if the House of Lords was left untouched to repeat the operation of last year?" The meaning of that is that Home Rule cannot be passed for Ireland until he House of Lords is abolished. We know as sensible men that though the reform or abolition of the House of Lords must come sooner or later to the front in England, yet it will not be abolished perhaps in our lifetime, and the meaning of Mr. Dillon's speech is that we are to hang up our demand for Home Rule and hold our breaths on the question of Home Rule, and go on indefinitely supporting the Liberal Party year after year until the House of Lords is abolished. That is a strange doctrine. (Hear, hear.) Meantime, while this process is going on of hanging up Home Rule and assisting the Liberals to remain in office nothing is being done for this country. (Hear, hear.) I read the other day an article in an organ which is almost the official organ of the Liberal Party. It is called the *Speaker*, and it says: "For two years past England, Wales, and Scotland have, with the aid of Irish votes, been reaping such a harvest of Radical legislation and Radical administration as has never been equalled within a similar period. Within that period Ireland has obtained no actual legislation at all, and the administration of Dublin Castle has only been changed in so far as the patient bearing of her people while living upon hope has suspended its embarrassments.

Only last Tuesday the royal assent was given to a fresh batch of fifty-one public and private measures, and not one of these was Irish. On the other hand, the Irish taxpayer has had an impost laid on him in the whiskey tax which anti-Parnellites as well as Parnellites declare to be more than his share, but which the former have consented to, for the time being, out of loyalty to a Home Rule Government. The [illegible] fast and unremitting, is the th[illegible] every Liberal's praise." There programme! Fifty measures passed i[illegible] England, Scotland, and Wales, and not one for Ireland. (Groans.) The only thing is an imposition of a million unjust taxation, Home Rule hung up, indirectly the Evicted Tenants' question trifled with, and Ireland to remain year after year patient and trustful, and hopeful and contented. I have only to say that if the people do remain patient and trustful and contented under this system they are not worth fighting for, and they do not deserve Home Rule. (Hear, hear.)

Continuing Mr. Redmond said: The greatest triumph of Parnell was that he lifted the Home Rule question out of the region of vague resolutions, and forced it into a definite bill presented to Parliament, and this proposal of Mr. McCarthy's is nothing more than going back to the old state of things twenty years ago when a resolution was proposed, and there was a full dress debate, and the question was forgotten for the rest of the year. (Hear, hear.) That proposal is mischievous and insulting to the intelligence of the people, and I do not believe that the Irish people will be deluded by it. (Hear, hear.) The programme as at present laid out for the Government and their supporters in Ireland I think may be summed up in these words: First, a sham debate in Parliament once every year on Home Rule, and Parliament to go on in existence without dissolution as long as suits the gentlemen on the front benches who go on drawing their £5,000 or £6,000 a year (hear, hear); secondly, an abortive attempt to settle the Evicted Tenants' question, ending in failure; thirdly, the steady progress year after year of English legislation and administrative reforms; fourth, no legislation whatever for Ireland; fifth, Castle rule in its most obnoxious form, consisting of the suppression of meetings, batoning of people, and wholesale evictions and jury-packing to remain in full swing; and sixth and last, the Irish members to loyally insist on not embarrassing the Government, but on swelling their majorities in the division lobbies. (Groans.) Let me ask you as sensible men, with such a programme placed before the English people and the English Government by Mr. Dillon, Mr. McCarthy and their friends, would not the English people and the English Government be the veriest idiots in the world if they hastened the dissolution or bothered their heads about Home Rule? (Hear, hear.)

Our power and our numbers are small. If the country had given us a sufficient number of members at the last election this situation would not have arisen (hear, hear). A great deal of foolish talk goes on about restoring Balfour to office. Now, clearly understand that a vote in which the present government would be beaten would not mean the restoration of Mr. Balfour (hear, hear). It would mean a dissolution of parliament, and the result would tell the Irish people whether we are going to get home rule or not. I want that dissolution to come, and to come soon, and I want the question of home rule to become a pressing question in England; and it is our duty to seize every reasonable and wise opportunity of hastening on a dissolution and spoiling that programme of advantage to England and shame and disaster to Ireland which I have read for you. Your duty in Meath is plain—to prepare to win this seat (cheers). I am not speaking generally of the country. It is well always to bring things down to the individual. The only thing you can do is to perfect your arrangements and your organization so that you will win the election (loud cheers). You have many reasons of a local character which should urge you to energetic efforts. You have to wipe out the record of the last two elections, and vindicate your county from the disgrace of the last two elections; to vindicate the Catholic people from the reproach cast on them before the world that in purely political matters they were slaves, and were afraid to express their opinions (hear, hear). These are considerations why you should be specially energetic. I appeal to you now—I know not whether I may have an opportunity of addressing you again before the election. I appeal to each man in his own district to work energetically and unceasingly to bring about the victory of our cause in this constituency, believing that we who represent the Independent party in parliament will do all that men can do to insist that the evicted tenants' question shall be dealt with in a genuine and generous spirit (cheers), to insist on the release of the political prisoners from their dungeons (cheers), to insist that the land-grabber shall not be allowed again in Ireland to raise his head (cheers), to insist that home rule shall no longer be placed on the shelf, but shall be made such an urgent and pressing question that it will be inconvenient and dangerous in the highest degree for any English government to attempt for any lengthened time to palter with it (loud cheers).

On motion of Mr. Moore, Dunboyne, seconded by Mr. Kennedy, Trim, a vote of thanks to Mr. Redmond was adopted, and the proceedings terminated.

DEATH OF COL. THOMAS B. M'MAHON.

Was a Gallant Soldier.

Col. Thomas Bernard McMahon, president of the Virginia and North Carolina Wheel Company, of Richmond, Va., died recently in New York at the residence of his brother-in-law, John Crane, says the *Catholic Review*. His body rests in St. Bernard's Cemetery, Watertown, Wis., that town being the home of his mother, now 83 years of age, and was also the place where he spent his early youth, and from whence he entered the army in the early part of the war as major of the Seventeenth Wisconsin Infantry at the age of 23.

He had previously attended a Catholic [illegible] merchant, he was trained to the mercantile business, and at the time of the breaking out of the war was carrying on a successful and prosperous business in Watertown in the dry goods line. He sold his business out, however, at a sacrifice of 10 per cent on the cost, in order to serve his country in her greatest hour of need.

He first saw the enemy at Shiloh, and and later on in the battle of Corinth, where he distinguished himself, and had command of the advance guard in the pursuit of Prince and Vandorn in their retreat from that place. He was shortly afterwards promoted to lieutenant-colonel of his regiment, and as such was in command of it when Grant crossed the river below Vicksburg. The regiment was in Ransom's Brigade, McArthur's Division, McPherson's Seventeenth Army Corps, and in the assault made on the Confederate works on May 19, 1863, had the right of the brigade in the front line of the column of assault. When the signal for the charge was given, Col. McMahon placed himself in front of the colors and led the charge. To reach the crest of the hill occupied by the enemy, a deep ravine had to be crossed, with steep side hills of nearly 45 degrees; an old-fashioned rail-fence was encountered, and the colonel, who was a remarkably strong map, caught up a corner of the fence and upset a half dozen panels before the regiment reached the obstruction. This was done under such a galling fire that the supporting regiment broke and fell back, but the Seventeenth, with a cheer followed their colonel, and though they could not carry the works, they reached the top of the hill and remained fighting till recalled after night.

On the Atlanta campaign he commanded the regiment, and by his coolness and courage at a critical moment turned defeat into victory. McPherson had been killed within a few rods of us; the enemy had gained our rear and turned the left wing of our corps back on the right. They had also broken through the Fifteenth Corps on our right, and attacked in front and rear, with 25 per cent of our corps killed, wounded or captured, and every general officer except one disabled, and had crossed and recrossed the little earthworks that we had taken from the enemy the day before. As we were attacked both front and rear, at this critical moment our skirmish line was driven in from the front, and following it came what we subsequently learned was an Alabama brigade. For a moment the regiment seemed to waver, but only for a moment, when Col. McMahon sprang upon a large oak stump, in full view of the advancing enemy, and called out in clear and firm voice:

"Seventeenth! Ready! Rear rank! Aim! Fire! Now give it to them, boys!"

The colonel then jumped down from his high perch. There was no necessity to say more; the rear rank of the regiment fired as one man into the enemy only a few rods away, and they seemed to melt before the fire. The front rank fired at will, and after that each for himself, as fast as he could load. Courage and coolness had been restored, and in five minutes there was no enemy in sight except the dead and wounded.

Col. McMahon leaves a mother, a wife and two children and a host of relatives to mourn his loss.

DEBS CONTEMPT CASE.

THE AMERICAN RAILWAY UNION MEN FILE THEIR ANSWER.

The Document Is a Lengthy One and Denies Nearly All the Charges in the Information Filed Against the Defendants—Discouraging Attempt to Start the Wheel Works at Pullman—Plans for Another Great Strike Next May.

CHICAGO, July 23.—The Debs et al. contempt case came up before Judges Woods and Grosscup. The court room was early filled by friends and members of the American Railway Union as well as a large number of attorneys. Debs, Keliher, Howard and Rogers were brought over from the jail and placed in the United States marshal's office. The attorneys for the defendants included S. S. Gregory, W. W. Erwin, C. S. Darrow and Lawyer Geeting. The answer to the information of the United States district attorney was not filed until at the time of the opening of court. It is a long document.

The government was represented by District Attorney Milchrist, Edwin Walker and Judge Hand. The preliminary sparring and the reading of the answer of the defendants consumed some time. The parents of the president of the American Railway union had not forgotten that their son would be arraigned for contempt of court, and from their little home in Terre Haute they telegraphed the following:

"DEAREST EUGENE: We are with you this day and always.

"YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER."

Points in the Answer.

The essential features in the defendants' answer to the information filed is as follows: They declare that by the terms of the organization of the American Railway union they had no power to and did not order a strike on any of the railroads tied up; that a strike could only be declared or discontinued by a vote of the majority of the members of the A. R. U. on each road, and that the only power of the general officers in the matter was to notify members of the union in the service concerned in such strike of the action taken by such a majority; and deny that at any time orders were issued to the employes of the railroads mentioned in the complaint to strike, but that they merely informed the employes of the result of the votes on these railways where a majority voluntarily determined to strike. They deny that the said employes in leaving the service of said companies did so for the purpose of preventing or delaying such companies in the operation of trains engaged in carrying the United States mails when transacting interstate commerce.

Defendants admit that prior to and during the strike many local unions of the A. R. U. were organized covering substantially all the roads from Chicago to the Pacific coast, but deny that after the service of the injunction that they carried on the work of organization other than generally advising the railroad employes to become members and receiving applicants for membership. Defendants deny that any of the telegrams set forth in the information against them were sent or authorized by any of them, except one dated July 6, saying they had assurance that within forty-eight hours every labor organization in the country would come to the rescue and advising all to remain out till the fight was won, declaring the cause gaining ground and success only a question of a few days.

No Hand in Violence.

This, it is admitted, was sent by Debs, but that the defendants have no knowledge whatever of sending other telegrams mentioned. They admit violence occurred on some of the railway lines tied up, but deny that any members of the American railway union participated in such acts. They deny they knew violence necessarily followed from strikes, but allege on the contrary, as far as the American Railway union is concerned, that said strike and all similar strikes contemplate nothing more than peaceable and lawful cessation of work. They deny expressly that they at any time directed, advised or approved acts of violence or unlawful acts of any kind; but on the contrary, at all times they had counciled abstention from violence, threats and intimidation. They declare that in sending out a communication to the railway managers July 13 offering to call off the strike they exceeded their authority. They further declare that since the service of the injunction order on them they have been governed in all acts by the advice of eminent counsel as to what they might legally do thereunder; that they intended in no way to violate the injunction or act in defiance or contempt of its authority. The answer is sworn to by Debs, Howard, Keliher and Rogers.

ONLY TWO MEN REPORTED.

Discouraging Attempt to Start the Car Wheel Works at Pullman.

PULLMAN, July 23.—Under the most discouraging circumstances the Allen Paper Car Wheel company started up its works at Pullman. The company had announced that work would be resumed. The big Corliss engine of the Pullman company, which supplies the power to the Allen company, was put in readiness to drive the machinery, but its services were not required. When the whistle blew, the gates were opened leading to the works. Only two men had passed into work at 7 o'clock, the hour when work was to begin and they were put to work cleaning the machinery. The full complement of employes in the Allen company is fifty. The managers of the works say they are not discouraged by the failure of more men to report for work, and insist that others will be strolling in during the day, and that they have been restrained from reporting at the opening hour through fear of violence.

Instead of the increase of workmen at Pullman, as expected by the officials, the number responding to the whistles' call was less than any day since the attempt at the resumption of work. On Saturday there were twenty-five of the Holland laborers from Roseland at work in the company's yards. Only seven returned to work. The influence and intimidation of the strikers was apparent in a big break in the rank of the laundry girls. Fourteen of them worked on Saturday; but six of them reported for work. There was no trouble at the works or violence threatened the few people who wanted to work. In anticipation of trouble the Allen company asked for protection. Inspector Hunt reinforced Lieutenant Basset's fifty men with fifty officers from the Woodlawn and Hyde Park stations, under command of Captain Powers. The inspector in person supervised the disposition of the police about Pullman.

All but Thirty Reinstated.

CLEVELAND, July 23.—As a result of investigation by the labor unions, it is developed that of the large number of railway men employed on the various roads who went out on strike in this city in the general tie-up, all but thirty have been reinstated. The railroad companies have been gradually discharging the non-union men who came in during the strike until now there are very few of them in the service.

FOR A GENERAL STRIKE.

Organization Convention To Be Held in Chicago About Jan. 1.

CHICAGO, July 24.—There is talk among leaders of the American Railway Union of having a convention in Chicago about Jan. 1 next for the formation of the American Labor Union. It is proposed that the organization shall embrace all classes of labor, except railway, and that it shall absorb the Knights of Labor and the Federation of Labor. In the meantime the American Railway Union is to absorb the brotherhoods and other organizations of railway employes. Then the two great organizations are to formulate a series of demands upon employers, and if they be not granted a general strike shall take place on May Day, 1895.

ENCOURAGING VAGRANCY.

What Senator Voorhees Said to Commonwealer Coxey.

WASHINGTON, July 21.—A delegation of Coxeyites called at the Capitol and once more urged a hearing upon the subject of their pet theories. They visited Senator Voorhees in the rooms of the committee on finance, and he took occasion to read them a lecture. It was quite pertinent, and appropriate, but it is not likely will do the least good. Mr. Coxey was the spokesman, and he inquired with some show of petulance as to when he could get a hearing.

"I cannot tell," replied the senator. "I don't know that you will ever get one." Then the senator went on to say that the Coxey theories had been pretty well exploited for the last six months and that he believed the country was tired of them. They had even been presented before a congressional committee and there was no occasion for any further hearing. The subject had been exhausted and nobody wanted to hear it any further. Continuing, Mr. Voorhees declared his impatience with the Coxey idea of collecting tramps and other unemployed persons in the vicinity of the capital, or for that matter anywhere throughout the country.

Mr. Coxey was simply encouraging vagrancy and idleness, and so far as the senator was concerned he did not propose to countenance it in the slightest degree. He told Mr. Coxey that the best thing he could do to create a good impression on the country would be to go to work himself and put to work the army of loafers that he had gathered in this neighborhood. After expressing this very wholesome sentiment Mr. Voorhees dismissed the motley crew of hoboes headed by the chief commonwealer.

MINISTER TO RUSSIA.

Breckinridge of Arkansas Tendered the Place by the President.

WASHINGTON, July 20.—The report that Representative Clifton R. Breckinridge of Arkansas had been tendered the place of United States minister to Russia, had accepted it, and that President Cleveland had sent the nomination to the senate immediately, was the initial feature of a day of unusual activity in congress. The report was fully verified by Chairman Wilson of the ways and means committee, who was cognizant of the facts that had led up to the president's action. Much significance was attached by members of congress to the appointment, and it was the main topic of conversation to the exclusion of the impending tariff conflict. The appointment had been in contemplation for two weeks, and Mr. Breckinridge has been a frequent visitor at the White House during that time.

C. R. BRECKINRIDGE.

Amendment to the Constitution.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—There was a very slim attendance of members when the speaker called the house to order. Bowers demanded the regular order, which was the resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution providing that senators shall be elected by direct vote of the people. Although a two-thirds vote is required for measures amending the constitution the pending resolution was passed 137 to 49—thirteen votes to spare. The announcement of the result was received with Democratic applause. The house disagreed to the senate amendments on the Indian appropriation bill, and Holman, Allen and Wilson of Washington were appointed conferrees.

Presidential Nominations.

WASHINGTON, July 24.—The president sent the following nominations to the senate: Charles H. Robinson of Iowa, to be pension agent at Des Moines; Clayton Belknap of Nevada, to be surveyor general of Nevada; John A. Ely of North Dakota, to be receiver of public moneys at Minot, N. D.; Michael J. Barrett, to be register of the land office at Minot, N. D.; Louis F. Pearson, to be agent for the Indians of the Pottawatomie and Great Nemaha agency in Kansas. Postmasters—John J. Oberlin, Butler, Ind.; Edward H. Hunter, Des Moines, Ia.; John T. Ives, Thurlow, Pa.; John Nealon, Carbondale, Pa.

Taking Advantage of the Rate War.

CLEVELAND, July 20.—The offices of the various steamship companies in this city are besieged by large numbers of foreigners who are taking advantage of the present steamship war and consequent low rates to return to their native lands. It is estimated that since the hard times commenced fully 5,000 foreigners have left the city to return to Europe. The people, who are mostly Hungarians, Bohemians, Italians and Slavs are leaving the country for good.

Baptist Young People.

TORONTO, July 24.—The Baptist Young People's convention came to a close with great mass meetings in Massey hall and the pavilion. There was a monster afternoon meeting at the Massey hall, too, the great building being packed from floor to ceiling. Fully five thousand persons were present, a large proportion of them, however, being citizens. Mayor Kennedy was on the platform. All the visitors were loud in their eulogy of the quiet of the Toronto Sabbath.

TIMBER IS ABLAZE.

Farms Near Duluth In Most Imminent Danger.

A BAD OUTLOOK FOR HUSBANDMEN.

Woods Very Dry and Nothing But a Soaking Rain Able to Prevent Great Destruction—Two Railway Wrecks in Which Eleven Persons Lose Their Lives—One Caused by a Bad Memory—Whisky Responsible for a Quadruple Drowning.

DULUTH, July 24.—Forest fires are getting worse and now threaten to destroy the crops and buildings of hundreds of farmers scattered through the woods near this city. The fire department was called out to protect farm property, and is still at work. The fires run in the stubble and timber with terrific rapidity. It is stated that not for twenty years has there been such a dry season as now. Heavy and continucus rains are the only thing that will save hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property of farmers in this vicinity. The farms are scattered through the woods in such a way that it is impossible to do much by any amount of fighting. Farmers are losing their all and will have no provision for winter.

Barely Escaped Destruction.

News from Virginia, Minn., is to the effect that the town was entirely surrounded by fire at one time and barely escaped destruction. The engine house of the Lone Jack mine, with a large amount of cordwood, was totally destroyed. The forest is still on fire and the fire companies are using every effort to keep the fire out of the town. Fires are reported down the lines of the Mesaba and Northern railway. All the Mesaba range towns are located in the forests, and unless it rains soon serious damage will result.

BOTTLE OF WHISKY RESPONSIBLE.

Man, Wife, Son and a Book Agent Drowned in a Lake.

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y., July 24.—A quadruple drowning has occurred at Otsego lake. The victims were Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Edwards and son and a book agent whose name is unknown. They started in a row boat with the object of going across the lake. Later the boat with four persons clinging to it was seen off Hatters Point, two miles and a half up the lake.

Boats put out to the rescue, but when they reached the scene the four people had had disappeared. Two hats, the agent's note book and an empty whisky bottle were found in the boat. It is surmised that the contents of the bottle were responsible for the accident, as at no time had the water been rough.

HE FORGOT HIS ORDERS.

An Engineer Fatally Hurt and Three Other People Killed.

CINCINNATI, July 24.—At Griffith's station, fifteen miles from this city on the Big Four, a collision took place between the Chicago express train and a light engine, resulting in three deaths. The engineer of the light engine forgot his orders and was probably fatally hurt. The dead are: Frank Taylor, fireman; Chas. Sharman and Richard Tudor, tramps.

The worst injured are Engineer Hart, of Indianapolis; Worrell J. Lynch, J. B. Tuces, W. D. Howell, Elwood Hopper, and George Griffith. None of the injured are disabled except Hart.

Seven Killed in a Railway Wreck.

DALLAS, TEX., July 24.—A special to the Dallas News from Texarkana says: Limited reports reach here of a serious wreck on the Texas and Pacific railroad near Queen City, Texas, in which the engineer, Express Messenger Fred Marshall, Fireman Allen and the train porter, together with three passengers whose names are unobtainable, were killed. The wrecked train was the north-bound passenger from Dallas.

LATER.—The names of the dead have been obtained. They are: Ed Bee, postal clerk; Ed Grimm, engineer; Charles Holland, postal clerk; Jim Johns, porter; Fred Marshall, express messenger; Mike Voltz, postal clerk; ——, fireman; unknown man. The injured: George Bean, postal clerk, severely cut and bruised.

Heavy Loss by a Farmer.

CHIPPEWA FALLS, Wis., July 24.—Farm buildings of Thomas Kelly in the town of Eagle Point were struck by lightning and burned to the ground with 300 tons of hay, four horses and a large amount of valuable machinery. Loss, $25,000; insurance, $8,000.

Drowned While Swimming Horses.

HARRISON, Ida., July 24.—Frank Brammel, aged 21, and Alfred Mott, aged 13, of Pullman, Washington, were drowned in St. Joe Lake while swimming horses.

Latest Union of Labor.

CHICAGO, July 24.—It is stated that President Debs and his assistants are busy on a plan for an American Labor Union, which is to include all classes of labor not identified with railways, the object being to solidify labor all over the country.

Going to Work in the Shops.

SACRAMENTO, Cala., July 24.—Eight hundred and twenty men have gone to work in the shops here and 1,000 applications were received. The boiler and moulders' shop were opened for the first time since the strike.

Blackall & Co. Assign.

CHICAGO, July 24.—A. H. Blackall & Co., extensive dealers in teas and coffees, have made an assignment. No statement of assets and liabilities has been made, but they are about equal.

The Corning steel plant at Hammond, Ind., has received shipments of material and will start up in a few days.

David K. Goss has been elected superintendent of public schools at Indianapolis, to succeed Louis H. Jones, who resigned to take charge of the Cleveland schools.

Jim Crow, an Indian boy of Marinette, Wis., had his leg cut off while trying to save a dog from being crushed by a railroad train.

Senator Hawley has been thirty-six years in active newspaper service in Hartford, Conn. He owns the Courant.

There is a movement on foot to erect a monument to the late Henry C. Work, who wrote "Marching Through Georgia."

It is said that a determined effort will be made to influence the next Indiana legislature to move the state university from Bloomington to Indianapolis, with a guarantee fund of $400,000 at the back of the managers of the scheme.

GORMAN SCORES CLEVELAND.

Sensational Remarks of the Maryland Man in the Senate.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—At 12:35 the conferrees' report was laid before the senate and Gorman arose and addressed the senate, speaking from carefully prepared notes. In response to an appeal from Gorman, Jones of Arkansas related a conversation had by him with President Cleveland before he proposed the Jones amendments to the tariff bill in the senate. He said he told the president he would not go one step further with the compromise measure until he was assured that it would have the president's support. The president told him, he said, that he would favor almost any compromise to secure the passage of the bill. Great applause from the galleries greeted the close of Jones' statement.

Vilas asked whether President Cleveland had not expressed his desire for free coal and iron. Jones replied that he had, but had urged that the senate get the compromise bill through. Harris yielded the chair to take the floor and corroborated the statement of Jones as to the assertions made by the president in the interview at which he also was present.

Gorman here resumed with one of the most sensational references of the day to President Cleveland. The senator spoke of the deep regret that he was compelled to ask the public testimony of these senators. But the time had come to speak. The limit of endurance had been reached. The senate had been traduced. An attempt had been made to "try and gibbet it before the country." These charges had been "foully made from distinguished sources" that must be met and refuted. The charges were echoed by men "who chirped when he talk." These senators who had been summoned had fought for tariff reform when "cowards in high places would not show their heads."

Commotion in the Galleries.

Gorman said he could conceive no reason for the remarkable action that had been taken unless perhaps the one responsible for it was "consumed by vanity" in having the country regard him as the author of all that was right in tariff reform. As Gorman made each reference to the president there was a commotion in the galleries which compelled the presiding officer to interpose constant cautions against further demonstrations. Gorman next turned his attention to Senator Hill's speech of Friday indorsing President Cleveland's letter. "That letter," said Gorman, "was a godsend to the senator from New York (Hill). It was the only comfort he has had from this administration" [Laughter.] As the laughter continued Hill arose, and with good natured deliberateness, said: "In the last proposition I will say that the senator from Maryland is entirely correct."

WILSON BILL UPHELD.

President Cleveland Writes a Letter Favoring the Measure.

WASHINGTON, July 19.—The galleries were crowded and the scene on the floor was an animated one in anticipation of the debate on the tariff conference report when the house met. While the journal was being read Chairman Wilson entered the room. His head was bound with a white handkerchief and he was evidently suffering great pain. His appearance was the signal for a great demonstration on the Democratic side, the members cheering wildly at the sight of their tariff leader. Intense interest was created by Wilson announcing that he had a letter from President Cleveland, which the latter had permitted to be made public. The letter was then sent to the desk and read amid profound silence. The letter was in the president's vigorous style and was a stirring tribute to the Wilson bill and a direct blow at any surrender to the senate bill.

As soon as the reading of the journal had been completed, Outhwaite of Ohio, from the committee on rules offered the following resolution under which two hours were to be allowed to debate the conference report on the tariff bill:

"Resolved, That after the adoption of this resolution it shall be in order when the house conferrees on the tariff bill make a report of disagreement to the senate amendments to said bill in gross, and ask a further conference with the senate on the disagreement votes of the two houses thereon. That two hours of debate shall be allowed upon said motion and then without other motions the vote shall be taken thereon. Should such motion prevail the speaker shall at once appoint the house conferrees and the matter shall then, for the time being, pass from the consideration of the house."

The motion to insist on the house disagreement to the senate amendments was adopted without division and the bill sent back to conference, the speaker appointing the same conferrees.

FORGOT HIS ORDERS.

Carelessness Results in a Terrible Railway Disaster in Ohio.

CINCINNATI, July 24.—There was a collision on the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis railway at Griffith's station, fifteen miles from this city. Three people were killed and ten injured. The express from Chicago, due here at 7:30, was on time, but the St. Louis express which runs fifteen minutes ahead of the in-coming Chicago train was an hour late. At Griffiths a light engine was running down to the gravel bank in charge of Engineer Hart. He forgot his orders. Knowing the St. Louis express was late he pulled out and was met by the Chicago express. Hart will probably die without being able to tell how he made the mistake in orders. His fireman, Frank Taylor, of Indianapolis, was killed outright; also Charles Sherman and another tramp who were stealing a ride.

There are ten reported injured, none fatally except Engineer Hart. Among the injured are: Mr. and Mrs. Worrell J. Lynch, of the C. C. C. and St. L. passenger department; J. B. Tuces and W. D. Howell, postal clerks; Elwood Hopper, secretary Latonia Jockey club; Grats Hanley, of Lexington, Ky.; George Griffith, clerk board of education, Cincinnati.

North Dakota Republicans.

GRAND FORKS, July 21.—The Republican convention nominated the following ticket: For governor, Roger Allin; lieutenant governor, J. H. Worst; treasurer, G. E. Nichols, secretary of state, C. M. Dahl; auditor of state, F. A. Briggs; commissioner of insurance, F. B. Fancher; attorney general, J. F. Cowan; commissioner of agriculture and labor, A. H. Laughlin; superintendent of public instruction, Emma F. Bates; judge of supreme court, J. M. Bartholomew; railroad commissioners, George H. Keyes, J. J. Wombers, J. W. Currie; congress, M. N. Johnson.

ILLINOIS NEWS NOTES.

TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS OF EVENTS IN THE STATE.

Subjects Handled Which Will Be of Interest to Our Own Readers—Items Gathered from All Over the Prairie State and Given in Brief Form.

PERU, Ills., July 24.—Ninety-one men went down the Cahill shaft to work and later forty more came with their tools, but were told they could not go down until today. Among those at work were quite a number from Wenona, Spring Valley and other places, which is decidedly irritating to Peru miners, who have been idle for three months are now offered their own price, but are kept from work by the edict of the Miners union. Groups of strikers scattered about the streets endeavored to prevent the men by persuasion or threats from going down, and in some instances were successful.

Before noon crowds were seen going toward the western part of the city and the situation was considered so serious that the Law and Order League riflemen were ordered to the city hall in readiness for immediate response to a call, and the sheriff at Ottawa was notified. He sent four of his most trustworthy deputies. No miners' mass-meeting was held, but indications were that one had been planned and was afterwards postponed, as a great many stragglers went to the park and seemed greatly astonished that they saw no large gatherings.

Deputy Sheriff Barnett informed a committee of miners last evening that they may work or remain idle, may pass all the resolutions they choose, but that every man who interferes with Cahill's miners will be promptly and severely punished. The citizens of Peru feel just as Deputy Sheriff Hanley, who said that the Cahill mine would be kept running if it required the available force of the state of Illinois to protect it.

BRAVELY AND WELL DONE.

A Fifteen-Year-Old Heroine at Rockford, Ills.

ROCKFORD, July 23.—Mrs. M. C. Young and four children went to pick berries. The mother and two of the children had crossed a twenty-foot Illinois Central trestle, but little 7-year-old Martha was caught in the center, when a fast train came around the curve. Alice, 15 years old, ran back over the ties, caught her little sister and laid her out on a long tie where she clung. The passing engine knocked Alice off the trestle on a barbed wire fence twenty feet below, badly lacerating and bruising her body. She is seriously, although not necessarily fatally, injured. The train was stopped to bring them home. She is the heroine of the day.

Nominated for Congress.

PEORIA, Ills., July 18.—The Republicans of the Fourteenth congressional district met here and nominated J. V. Graff of Pekin for congress.

STREATOR, Ills., July 18.—Judge Robert R. Gibbons, of Bureau county, was nominated for congress by the Democratic congressional convention in the Eleventh district held here.

MONMOUTH, Ill., July 18.—Truman Plants of Hancock county, was nominated for congress by the Democratic convention of the Fifteenth district on the 800th ballot.

The Illinois Lincoln Monument.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 24.—At a meeting of the Lincoln Monument association a resolution was adopted tendering the monument to the state, providing that the state keep it in good condition, the bodies of the Lincoln family to remain undisturbed, the family of Robert Lincoln being permitted to be buried there, the state to pay for a custodian and the public to be admitted to the monument at all proper hours free of charge.

Been Married Sixty Years.

PANA, Ills., July 20.—Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Burke, two of the oldest and best-known residents of this section, celebrated their sixtieth marriage anniversary at their country residence south of Pana. Rev. J. W. Walts of Oconee performed the wedding ceremony in the presence of 500 guests, numbering residents from seventeen of the leading cities of the United States and thirty-two states.

Wild Man Near Newman, Ills.

NEWMAN, July 20.—In the last few weeks two large barns on the ridge, four miles north of here, have been burned and the origin of the fires was a mystery. It is now supposed the work was that of a wild man who has been seen loitering about the cornfields. All efforts to approach him are futile, as he leaps over the ground like a deer. The community is considerably excited over the matter.

Savage Attack on Sweatshops.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 24.—A special report by the state factory inspectors regarding smallpox inspection among the sweatshops at Chicago has been made to the governor. It is a savage attack upon the system allowing the existence of such places. The Chicago board of health is severely condemned for concealing the appearance of new cases.

State Items.

Herman Gauss, son of a Belleville, Ills., merchant, accidentally killed himself by discharging a revolver into his head at Queen's Lake, Ills.

The coroner's jury at Petersburg, Ill., decided that George H. Hohimer came to his death by a razor wound inflicted by Oscar S. Hilton. Hilton was justified on the ground of self-defense and released.

A humane society has been organized at Freeport, Ills., with seventy-five members.

The body of William Duffy of Joliet, Ills., who disappeared last Tuesday, was found in the Des Plaines river.

Mrs. John A. Fitch, of West Union, Ills., died from the effects of being poisoned by the bite of a large spider. She lived only a short time after being bitten.

Republicans of the Fourth Illinois district (Chicago) have nominated George E. White to run for congress against Noonan, Democrat.

The Sibley house at Sibley, Ills., was robbed, the burglars securing considerable money and jewelry.

An independent organization will be formed at Freeport, Ills., to be known as the Schofield Rifles, named in honor of General Schofield, whose early life was spent there.

No War Yet in the Orient.

LONDON, July 24.—Dispatches have been received at the Chinese legation from Tien Tsin showing that war between China and Japan has not yet been declared, but it is admitted that the situation is the most grave.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

The election for city member of Dublin resulted in a victory for Mr. Clancy, son of Sub-Sheriff Clancy. Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa received only three votes.

The 6-year-old daughter of Thomas Tyrrell of Urbana, Ills., died from the effects of burns received by accidentally setting fire to her clothing.

The village of Smithshire, Ills., was partially destroyed by fire, the loss being $9,000.

Daniel Doty and J. W. Turner, farmers, became involved in a quarrel near Columbus, Ind. The latter was fatally stabbed by Doty.

The Sisters of Charity of St. Francis academy, Council Bluffs, Ia., will build a new school building to cost $100,000.

The end of the Deerson-Snelby tragedy at Momence, Ills., came when Deerson committed suicide.

Count Rybylowski's Polish commonweal army were expelled from Toledo by the authorities, and on returning were put in jail.

* * *

L. Kilty's mill, lumber yard, and three cars of lumber at Partridge, Minn., were burned by a forest fire. Loss, $30,000.

The Daily Journal, an evening Democratic paper, has been started at Vandalia, Ills., with Bolt & Spurgeon as proprietors.

Special Agent George C. Custer, at Detroit, has arrested F. L. Gilchrist and seized 220 cans of opium smuggled by him into the United States.

Phil Darling was drowned at David City, Neb., while bathing.

Frank Peterson, charged with the murder of C. H. Wessells in January, 1891, was dismissed at Clinton, Ills., on completion of the preliminary hearing.

Among the petitions placed before the New York constitutional convention was one signed by 75,000 workingmen for an anti-conspiracy law.

While four boys were fishing in Argo lake, Colorado, James Burrell was killed by a flash of lightning. Robert Henry was paralyzed, and the other two stunned. At Colorado Springs a boy was struck and picked up blind and unconscious.

* * *

"General" Sanders' commonwealers doing time in Topeka, Kan., jail, will be released in squads of three. They say commonwealers doing time in various jails are under compact to meet in Kansas and proceed to Washington in a body.

The synod of the eastern district of the German Evangelical Lutheran church, the largest of the Lutheran bodies, began its session at Pittsburg, Pa. Two hundred and fifty members were enrolled as members.

The National Retail Jewelers' association opened its annual convention at Cincinnati. A resolution was adopted asking congress to require manufacturers to stamp the degree of fineness on all their products.

The Samoans have sent Emperor William a petition praying that Germany annex the islands.

Albert Brady of Urbana, Ills., who a short time ago made repeated attempts to kill himself, has been adjudged insane and sent to the asylum at Kankakee.

Henry Kouts was killed by lightning at Booneville, Ind.

* * *

The Pennsylvania will only build half the usual number of new locomotives this year.

Clifton B. Breckinridge of Arkansas has been confirmed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Russia.

Mrs. Nellie Jones, a widow employed as a domestic in an Indiana county jail, has fallen heiress to a fortune of $30,000.

C. S. Bushnell of Connecticut, who furnished the money necessary for the building of the Monitor, and carried out in full the ideas of its inventor, John Ericsson, is still living and in good health.

Comptroller of the currency has called on national banks for a statement of their condition at the close of business on July 18.

John H. Chapman of Chicago was re-elected president of the Baptists Young People's union at Toronto.

One child was drowned at Owensboro, Ky., by the sinking of a steamer towing a barge bearing a Sunday school party.

Twenty-five families were rendered homeless by fire in a thickly settled tenement district at Newark, N. J.

* * *

A cloud-burst twelve miles north of Santa Fe, N. M., washed out 800 feet of track on the narrow gauge road.

Bank clearings for the principal cities of the United States show a total decrease of 15.5 per cent. for the week.

George E. White was nominated for congress by the Fifth congressional district Republican convention on the first ballot at Chicago.

William Waite, aged 46, of Chesterfield, Ind., was found leaning against a tree dead. He had been there fully thirty-six hours.

Drought in several states, which was threatening the destruction of crops, was broken by a general rain.

The fast express on the Delaware and Hudson was wrecked at Albany, N. Y., by a misplaced switch. Fireman Palmer was killed and Engineer Austin badly injured.

A granddaughter of John C. Calhoun has just made a success in France, playing in French with a French company the role of Hermione in Racine's "Andromaque."

Durango, Mexico, has suffered a drought for five years, which has just been broken by copious rains.

Excelled by None

Mr. C. F. King

"For some years I have been a severe sufferer from Rheumatism. So much so that I could not attend to my business and was confined to the house for weeks at a time. I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and have constantly improved since I commenced to take the medicine. I am now well and strong again. Hood's Sarsaparilla is truly excelled by none." C. F. KING, Verona, N. J.

Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Be sure to get HOOD'S **Cures**

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXVI.

ALL ABOUT MUTTON.

On the twelfth day of that month my lethargy was dissipated and at the same time the ghost laid in a singular manner. As I sat beside my fire, nodding as my custom was, I was startled into sudden animation by a loud yet dull thud as of some heavy body falling in the long gallery. Snatching a brand from the fire, I hastened thither, and at the spot where the bones formerly lay and where I had discovered the brown cake I found a fat sheep lying motionless on the ground. I was now wide awake, active and even excited. When I heard the noise, I guessed at once what caused it. The ghost was no impediment to me, for it was only about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and his solemn marchings to and fro would not commence till midnight. The sheep was quite dead. I bled her as she lay, and though practically ignorant of the butcher's art skinned her partially, cut out certain layers from the breast, and returning to my fire roasted them. I was not consciously hungry and had no longing for flesh food, but being now wide awake and actively intelligent I knew that meat would do me good, and that if I was not to die I should eat it. The odor and steam of the frizzling chops, however, at once awakened a furious appetite. I ate with a relish, and returning to the carcass of the unfortunate sheep hacked off two more chops, fried and ate them. I would have eaten more but I knew how dangerous such indulgence would be after long abstinence. Then I drank copiously from that little glittering pencil of descending water to which I have referred. I used to drink of it sometimes by the simple process of opening my mouth to receive it, at least when I was in good health and spirits. Finally I filled myself a pipe of tobacco and enjoyed a good smoke, a luxury in which I had not indulged for a long time. Finding myself unusually gay and vigorous, I might almost say defiant and pugnacious, I determined to stay awake till 12 o'clock and see whether the ghost would reappear. I suspected that my weak and nervous condition had something to do with the presence of the apparition. Twelve o'clock passed, and I, yet I saw absolutely nothing that night, nor did I ever afterward once perceive either that antique martial figure or anything at all suggestive of the uncanny and supernatural as long as I remained in the cave. I have heard and read of various methods of laying ghosts and exorcising evil spirits. Mutton chops nicely broiled and eaten by an extremely hungry man laid my ghost and laid him effectually. Divine providence saved me my life or my reason on this occasion. I don't think I am a boaster, but from what I recollect I am convinced that if the ghost had appeared that night, as he had been in the habit of appearing for so many nights previously, I would have confronted him, barred his path and questioned him. Familiarity breeds contempt. Every night for 2½ hours I had been now for weeks watching the steady passage of this sinister figure as it paced to and fro along the north wall of the cavern. I slept soundly that night and awoke in the morning alert, energetic and ravenous. Of course I attacked the sheep again, but what was my surprise to find on this occasion another great brown cake close beside the sheep, quite fresh and seemingly baked on the previous day. Moving around with my torch, I discovered half a dozen others, some of them quite stale. It was evident that Charley had been again at work and seemingly now enabled, without let or hindrance, to roll me down a cake every second day, as he had promised. Having now both mutton and bread to eat with it, I rapidly recovered my health and strength, and the knowledge that one at least of my brothers was firmly convinced that I was at the bottom of the "Devil's Parlor" filled me again with hope. I skinned and jointed my sheep, and collecting from various little hollows near the pool all the salt procurable proceeded to corn as much of it as it was not likely that I should eat fresh, rubbing the salt well in with my hands. As my supply of salt was limited, I eked it out by soaking each piece of mutton in the tidal water. After each steeping I dried the piece at the fire and again plunged it in the salt water. Between times I rubbed the salt vigorously into it. Indeed I succeeded in preserving the whole sheep very well. With renewed energy and zeal I now returned to my suspended labors at the window and worked there with a will and from early morning till late at night with little intermission. My bread came to me as regularly as it did to the prophet at the brook Cherith. I had bread, meat and fish and even vegetables, if one can count edible seaweed as such. All was going well with me. Early in December my last piece of brass had worn too small to be of service. I melted all the little pieces which I had saved, made for myself thereby a very bright brand new chisel and scored away industriously. Though I knew that this tool would not bring me to the sill, that it would be worn out before I could effect my deliverance, yet not once did my heart and hope flag. I had brass buttons on my clothes. I had my watch, watch guard and chain. I would melt them, too, into a chisel. Even with flint stones, when all the metal gave out, I could do something. I now began to feel confident that if only my life were spared long enough I would carve my way out of my den. This energy and vigor seemed to be all my own, generated in my unconquerable will, and yet it all came from that poor clifted sheep and my brother Charley's brown bread. I have to record with shame that after the fall of that sheep I became much less pious than I had been before, and yet on the whole my sufferings in this subterranean prison and the marvelous, including Charley's vision, and the miraculous way in which my life had been preserved, and by which I was restored safe to the upper world, gave such a serious turn to my thought and manner of life that, though frequently assailed from without and from within by infidel reasonings and suggestions, I have never since then doubted the existence and omnipresence of an overruling Providence. The going out of my fire in the second cavern seriously alarmed me. The thought was continually present in my mind that my fire here by the seals' pool might go out too. This haunting fear prevented me from sleeping soundly. I was perpetually starting up at night and examining the heap of ashes in which my precious brands were imbedded to see if they were alive. Impelled by this fear, I became a chandler and succeeded in making some extraordinary candles. When I afterward showed one of them to my mother, I thought she would never cease laughing.

A bowl shaped depression in the floor of the cavern near the pool served me for a pot. In this I rendered the fat of the sheep, having first heated the rock with fire. In the meantime I made wicks of twisted sheep's wool—very thick and clumsy wicks they were, but quite good enough for me. When I had a dozen of these ready, I commenced to make my candles. I drew each wick through the little pool of liquid tallow and then hung it to dry between two bowlders suspended from a piece of timber laid crosswise. This labor gave me more amusement and satisfaction than any one can realize. At home we used to make our own supply of candles. Once every year there was a great candle making day. Then the big coachhouse was cleared out, huge quantities of tallow rendered and hundreds of "dips" made and stored up for the year's consumption. This was always a great day for us while we were children and always looked forward to as a most joyful event. My mother always presided over this operation. Indeed in all respects she was a good housekeeper and as like the lady described by King Solomon as any one I have ever met at home or here.

In short, I made a good store of candles, each almost as thick as my wrist in the middle, but at the lower end bulging out to the size of a turnip. After this, when I went to sleep, I used to light one of my candles, and thenceforth was able to pay proper attention to my slumbers, which I could not before, owing to the manner in which my dreaming thoughts continually revolved round the idea of the extinction of my precious fire.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE LAST ATTEMPT UPON THE SEALS' TUNNEL.

Becoming now heartily tired of that niche cutting labor, I determined to make a fresh attempt on the seals' tunnel. On the last occasion I had failed, but at that time I was living upon a fish diet. My food now was fish, roast mutton and wholesome brown bread. I was far stronger and would certainly be able to penetrate several yards farther in the tunnel which led from that second blowhole into the sea.

I had very carefully preserved as much of that touchcloth as was not necessary for the lighting of my second fire. Now, again taking it, as before, in my purse and securely fastening the latter with whipcord till it was quite water tight, I dived through the first reach of the tunnel. Not to be tedious here, especially as my attempt was frustrated, let me say that I lit my fire as before and made several most determined attempts to penetrate the tunnel beyond the second blowhole, the little one three yards in diameter. I learned now exactly at what point of time my power of retaining breath was half exhausted. I kept on diving and groping along the tunnel till I reached that point of endurance and then returned. As I became acquainted with the nature of the tunnel I found myself at each fresh attempt able to travel farther. All my efforts, however, were fruitless. Save that second small blowhole I could not find another. Finally I determined to give up for good all thoughts of making my escape by the tunnel and to devote my energies to the slow but in the end sure method of cutting footsteps in the incline at Curry's Window. Before, however, finally betaking myself to the great cavern and renewing my labors at Curry's Window I made a complete exploration of this minor one, which opened off the first blowhole. Here now I lit a great many fires and explored it in every part, hoping that I might there meet with something that might be of service to me. At last, in a remote corner which I had not quite illuminated formerly, I discovered a beam of timber of considerable size. I notched it with my knife. All the outer part was quite soft and crumbling, but as I went on cutting I discovered, to my joy, that the inside was quite hard and sound. I saw at once that a more rapid means of escape lay before me. I could cut this beam into small blocks, convey the blocks through the tunnel and pile them up at Curry's Window. Had I made a proper exploration of this minor cavern when I was here before I might have been at home now. I returned home, dined joyously and smoked my tobacco down to within two inches of the end of my coil of Limerick twist.

I have mentioned before that I knew a good deal of poetry by heart, and that the repetition of what I knew was a great comfort to me during the whole time of my imprisonment and prevented my mind from preying on itself. This night I repeated the whole of the first three books of "Paradise Lost," which I had committed to memory when a schoolboy. I had indeed a good deal of difficulty with that passage in which the chief persons in satan's host are identified with the gods of the gentile nations in and around Palestine, but eventually got all correct. I believe I did not go to sleep till near morning, and when I did at last fall asleep slept an unconsionably long time. When I awoke, it was late in the afternoon of the next day. Without waiting for breakfast, I dived through the tunnel, and coming up in the minor cavern found that my fire, though carefully covered up with ashes, had gone out. This was a great blow to me, for the mahogany beam from which I hoped to cut pieces was in a remote part of the cavern, and I feared to venture toward it in the dark. I might lose my way then, and although in the long run I might find my way back to the water, yet it was quite possible that while groping round there in the dense darkness my fire in the great cavern might go out. Indeed I was somewhat divided in my mind already as to whether it was my best plan to stick to the mahogany or to my work of stair cutting. Now at all events I determined, as I had no light by which to work at the great beam of mahogany, to betake myself to the big cavern and the neighborhood of my own fire and work steadily at the stairs in Curry's Window. Accordingly I did so and found the work progressing far faster than I had expected.

One day, I considered it the 11th, but it was really the 12th of December, for I had missed one day during that season of exhaustion and apathy, I was returning to my work after dinner, a meal of which I regularly partook at 3 o'clock, which, however unfashionable, was our dinner hour at home. I was whistling lustily and had just turned the angle of rock where the cavern, after going straight inland, turned again in a line parallel with the coast, trending toward my headquarters at the seal pond, when I saw in Curry's Window, between me and the sky, a slight, boyish, long legged figure. At the very moment that I perceived it this figure shouted, or rather screamed, "Jack!" I as quickly shouted "Ned!" and also as loudly as I could roar, "Stop, stop! Stay back!"

"Stop, stop! Stay back!"

but I might as well have shouted to a madman. In exactly the same manner as I had done, he first pushed himself eagerly along the incline; then he slid with no power to check himself, then came rushing down the steeper portion of the slope and tumbled into the heap of seaweed which I had piled there. Had he seen me at any distance beneath him, he would at once have suspected the nature and depth of the incline and remembered that I was a prisoner there against my will. But my voice came to his ears as from one standing almost on the same level with himself. In starting from the foot of the incline the bowlders stood up higher and higher as one passed into the interior. So he did not suspect the existence of the great depth which separated him from the ground below the incline. So Ned, too, was trapped, and the cavern held two prisoners instead of one.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EDWARD FREEMAN'S NARRATIVE.

The preservation of my brother's life in the first instance and his final escape from his place of imprisonment were both due, as I often heard my father assert and as Jack and myself also believed, to the grace of God and not the wisdom of man. The police and the coast guards were quite at a loss all through and could do nothing. Even the clever detective who came from Dublin and spent a fortnight here observing and considering went away again in a sort of passion. It was the extraordinary vision seen by my little brother Charley that led him to roll loaves into the place where Jack was really imprisoned and so perhaps saved his life. Finally I myself found out the secret of his imprisonment, not by any wise calculations, but by a sort of inspiration which came to me quite unsolicited. One day—shall I ever forget it?—a whimsical thought, but really a prompting of Providence, came upon me as I sat at the table just before breakfast balancing a spoon on the edge of a teacup and thinking about Jack. Might not something happen or some idea strike me if I were to go to Dhu-Corrig fishing for cunner, just as my brother did? When I lost an arrow, I used to come back to the spot whence I shot it and shoot another in the same direction and with equal force in order to find the first. It was this that put me in mind of the plan which I was now about to execute. I said nothing about it to any one, but taking my rod set off for Dhu-Corrig. I fished carelessly or pretended to fish for some time. Then I got tired. "This," I said, "is perhaps how Jack felt six months ago. Fish not taking, nothing to do. I will try another rock, but there are none here on the right, only the sheer wall of cliff; try leftward then." I clambered along here till I came to a deep fissure in the cliff side. It ran sheer down to the sea, really a rather horrible chasm or long profound cleft, at the bottom of which the sullen waters seemed talking to themselves. I had already explored this cavern by sea, having sculled a boat through it from end to end, for it was too narrow for rowing. Where I now stood it was too wide to leap across, but as I looked up and down I saw a place where an active leaper, gifted with a fair share of nerve, might leap it over. Not that the cleft was really so very wide at this point, but the narrowness of the foothold at the other side and the darkness and depth of the abyss below brought the consequences of failure before the imagination in a somewhat appalling manner. Still keeping my rod in my hand, I leaped it, right glad to find that my foot did not slip on the narrow and sloping ledge at the other side. Just then the conviction started suddenly into my mind that I was on Jack's traces. My heart beat so that I could hear it, and I had to stand still for a considerable time before its beatings and my general agitation would permit me to go on. I was now on the side of an almost sheer cliff, one which, when seen from the water, seemed quite sheer and untraversable, but I found a little ledge like a road leading onward and upward. One part of it was very dangerous, but after passing this I came upon rough, craggy ground, quite easy to get over. This rough way led steadily upward along the face of the cliff. By it alone was the rock traversable, and it was not wide. If Jack came along this cliff at all, I would now find him or his body. I went on and on for nearly a mile, the little ledge being always traversable, and at last, quite suddenly, arrived at a large opening in the face of the cliff, which I had never noticed before. I may add that, unlike Jack, I did not care much for sea fishing, was seldom on the water and had never scanned our cliffs with his hawk's eye and inquiring mind. As I stood in the mouth of this cave I was too filled with hope and fear to cry out. Presently I heard the sound of feet, as of some one stepping briskly over rocks, and even springing actively from one to another, though all was dark within. Then a cherry whistle sounded in the interior. The air was "Vilikins and His Dinah." Well I knew who whistled. It was either Jack or his ghost. There was a smooth incline of rock sloping inward just in front of me. Crying out I know not what, I slid or even cast myself down this incline. I heard Jack roar at me to stay back, but I could not, for the incline rapidly grew steeper, till at last it was nearly sheer. So I came tumbling down and fell and rolled over upon something soft. In a moment I was on my feet again and found myself in my brother's arms.

As soon as we recovered ourselves Jack brought me round his vast underground domain, relating all his history as we went, while I told him all that had happened in the outer world. Though I, too, was now entrapped, I did not mind it in the least. I was surprised—delighted with all I saw—Jack's tame seals, his fire burning so mysteriously in the huge darkness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Cementing Quicksands.

The well known German engineer, Neukirch, in a paper on making foundations in quicksand, urges that the sand on which the foundation is to rest be converted into solid concrete by blowing into it, by air pressure, powdered dry hydraulic cement, using a 1½ inch pipe drawn to a point at its lower end and having three or more three-eighth inch holes. In practice this pipe is joined at its upper end by a rubber rube to an injector, which is connected to a source of compressed air and is fed with dry cement, the sinking of the pipe to the depth required being facilitated by blowing air through it during its descent and setting it in motion, a depth reaching to 19 feet being thus quickly accomplished. After this the cement is fed in and carried into the sand by the air, which, being forced up through the former, insures a thorough mixture with the cement, and the tube is then slowly withdrawn, the supply of cement being continued until it reaches the surface, the concrete formed in this way taking several weeks to harden and requiring some months to attain its full strength. Further, the whole area to be treated is divided into a number of small areas of about a square foot each, and the tube being sunk successively and operated on each of the squares it is found that the mixture of the sand and cement produced occupies less space than did the sand alone before the operation. This method of operation has been resorted to successfully in coffer dam construction and sewer work, where such had to be laid in quicksand.—New York Sun.

When a man becomes indifferent to women, to children and young people, he may know that he is superannuated and has withdrawn from whatsoever is sweetest and purest in human existence.

Since the beginning of the century 52 volcanic islands have risen out of the sea. Thirty-three of these still exist, and 10 are inhabited.

There are over 3,000 ancient towers in Sardinia, the object of which no one, from Aristotle down, has ever been able to determine.

FOR GOOD HEALTH.

Suggestions as to the Uses and Luxury of the Daily Baths In Summer Weather.

Every 24 hours the human body loses an amount of heat by radiation from the surface during perspiration. But, contrary to what might seem probable at first thought, this loss is oftener advantageous than otherwise.

In this way an escape pipe, so to speak, is provided for the human mechanism, and just as the escape pipe of a steam engine is self regulating, so fortunately the radiation of the heat from the surface of the body is under the control of the nervous system.

When the fact is made apparent to the nerve centers that the temperature of the body is getting too high, notice is immediately sent along the nerves to open wider the blood vessels at the surface of the body, with the result that the blood flows nearer the surface, the sweat glands are stimulated to increase action, more water is excreted by them, and with the water goes off the heat.

Since it is by this means largely that the superfluous heat of the body in health as well as in disease is got rid of, it is clearly very important, especially at this time of the year, that the pores of the skin should never be allowed to become clogged.

With the increased amount of dust in the atmosphere and its natural propensity for adhering to the perspiring body the daily bath becomes more of a necessity during the summer months than at any other time of the year. One should take great care, however, that the bodily temperature is reduced as nearly as possible to normal before the bath is taken. If the temperature be somewhat high and the body perspiring freely, the danger of taking cold will be increased by reason of the sudden congestion of the blood in the dilated vessels at the surface of the body.

Much of the advantage to be derived from sea bathing will be lost unless the crusts of salt that form in the pores of the skin on the evaporation of the water are removed by subsequent brisk toweling or fresh water sponging.

Not only is the perspiration an efficient means of removing superfluous heat, but by this same channel go out many of the waste products of the body. These waste products are always relatively increased in the summer months, and so it is doubly important that during this trying season we should keep the skin in a healthy and cleanly condition.—Youth's Companion.

PRINTING SPEECHES.

Members of the Present Congress Have Broken the Record In This Respect.

There is one industry which is not in the least affected by the hard times. This is The Record division of the government printing office, which has charge of printing congressional speeches for distribution. There has never been a congress when the presses were worked so incessantly for this purpose. Already over 5,000,000 speeches have been sent out over the country under congressional franks, and the number is piling up daily until by the close of the session it is expected that it will far exceed any record which has hitherto been made. Tom Johnson alone gave an order for 1,000,000 copies of his speech on the income tax in the tariff bill. He leads the record.

But in the number of speeches ordered by other congressmen Burrows heads the list. Over 200,000 copies of his tariff speech have been issued, and he has taken very few himself. Most of them have been sent to western farming constituencies by Republican representatives. Reed's speech at the close of the tariff debate is not printed by the government printing office, but by one of the private concerns in Washington, and this has just about equaled that of Burrows. There is a great demand for Wilson's speech on the Democratic side, and tens of thousands of copies of the speech of Crisp have also been sent out. In the senate 20,000 copies of Senator Lodge's speech have gone out, many senators franking them to the college students in their states. Senator Morrill's speech is also in great demand, and the first speech delivered by Senator Hoar has gained a wide circulation. The efforts of Voorhees and Mills, which opened and closed respectively the general debate in the senate, have been circulated almost as widely by Republicans as by Democrats.—Boston Advertiser.

"Bissell" Postoffices.

There is now a "Bissell" postoffice in nearly every state in the Union. When Mr. Bissell was appointed postmaster general, not a single postoffice in the country was honored by the name of "Bissell." Mr. Bissell has since corrected this singular omission on the part of former postmaster generals, and when The Postal Guide was printed last December had already added an even dozen "Bissells" to the postoffice nomenclature of the country. He has been steadily progressing ever since, and there are now probably between 20 and 25 postoffices so designated. In some cases the naming of a postoffice after the postmaster general is pure sycophantry. Oftener, however, the name is suggested by the department in cases where there is any difficulty over the selection of a proper title for an office. In The Postal Guide printed last December there are 29 "Clevelands" and 19 "Grovers." The "Bissell" offices will eventually outnumber all others.—Indianapolis Journal.

Lambs at the Bargain Counter.

The sale of live lambs at a department store in Lexington street Saturday was a novelty to shoppers. The lambs were not as gentle as the little one that belonged to Mary, and some amusing scenes were caused by the animals struggling to release themselves from their purchasers. Those who bought the lambs were required to take them away themselves. Ladies, who were the principal buyers, managed to do this by grasping the little creatures in both arms. Nearly every one of the lambs, it is said, was bought to be kept as a pet.—Baltimore Sun.

Anecdotes of Parrots.

Why parrots have been fated to be made the heroes of so many strange tales it is puzzling to say, but the fact remains. We all remember the cheeky bird at the parrot show who, uncovered last of all among the competitors, placed his head knowingly on one side and ejaculated: "My eye! What a lot of parrots!" of course securing the prize. I knew a parrot once who affected modesty and bashfulness, who put his claw before his face and shyly informed his audience, "Polly had a letter this morning—offer of marriage for Polly." And there was another gray friend of my youth who would entreat the cook for dinner in the tenderest terms and swear like a hundred troopers if not attended to.

We have all heard the tale of the publican's parrot who was pumped on for proclaiming that the beer had gone sour and remarked to the cat, on seeing that quadruped march in dripping wet, "Your beer's gone sour!" The last of the series of parrot stories that has reached me is that of a large green bird who seemed somewhat slow of speech, and who so provoked his master by his stupidity that that young gentleman, who was trying to teach his bird to welcome a rich relative with the words, "Good morning, uncle," lost all patience and shook the poor wretch from side to side, grasping its throat the while and reiterating: "Say good morning, uncle, you devil! Say good morning, uncle, you devil!" A few days later this impatient young man heard a terrible noise in the fowlhouse. On making his way there he found the bodies of three hens prone upon the clay floor, while on a perch in the corner was the parrot, holding a fourth fowl by the throat and shrieking with rage, "Say good morning, uncle, you devil!"—London Sketch.

Beef Tea For Roses.

All travelers agree that there are nowhere else roses so magnificent as those that cover the garden wall of the old Roman palace in the Via Sistini, in which once lived the famous epicure, Lucullus. Rome is a city of roses. They run riot, but those of the old palace have become celebrated. Their odor is passionate in its intensity. Their form, their every petal, the way they hang upon their stems, is picturelike. The color of some is deep, deep crimson, almost black at the heart. In others it is cameo pink, changing to rich cream tints at the center; others are the bright yellow that mellows into gold; others are the white that is like melted moonlight in the petal cup. I lived next door the house overlooking the palace garden, and I had frequently asked myself, "What has produced these superb roses?"

One day I saw the gardener, whose love for his roses is almost pagan, watering them carefully at the roots with a clear dark liquid. I was sure that this was the feeding that had to do with the secret of their wonderful beauty. On investigation I learned that the wealth of odor and coloring was the result of animal food. That mysterious libation which I had seen poured at their roots was strong beef tea, made from fresh cuts of beef and strained. The old gardener himself invented the idea. This reminded me how luxuriantly I had seen ferns of every kind, even the most delicate, growing in several spots in Germany where the brewers had bestowed their refuse malt.—Buffalo Express.

Fish as Scavengers.

Fish have their uses to humanity over and above serving as food material or as unwilling caterers to the sport of the fisherman. Although it may seem odd so to speak of them, they often are as indispensable to a country place as a dog or a cat. If that country place happens to be one that is supplied with running water, and this is used for ornament in ponds or fountains, two things are pretty sure to bother the owner. One is the well known green scum which spreads over the waters of ponds and fountain basins. When its growth begins, the plant is pretty. It starts from the bottom as soon as the sun gets high, in May or June, and sends upward a delicate, graceful, wavy thread of vivid green. Until it reaches the surface it remains pretty, but once there it spreads along and rots and is soon offensive in several ways. The other nuisance from standing water, even when it is often renewed and directly from the springs, is mosquitoes. The wigglers grow there. The remedy for both of these troubles is fish, and the two kinds that will cure them happen to be the two most desirable for other reasons. Goldfish will keep the green scum from growing, and yellow perch or, as they are generally called, sunfish, will destroy the mosquito wigglers. The sunfish one has to catch, but the goldfish can be bought, two for a quarter, in the fish and bird stores of this city.—New York Sun.

Opportunities.

Some one has said that "every face ought to be beautiful at 40," and another that "no old person has a right to be ugly, because he has had all his life in which to grow beautiful." That is to say that life's opportunities of nobleness, of even 40 years of opportunity, if well used, are enough to make so much beauty within that it cannot help coming to the surface in graceful habits of the nerves and muscles. The transfiguration of a pleasant smile, kindly lightings to the eyes, restful lines of self control about the lips, pure shining of the face as great thoughts kindle inwardly—these things no parent makes inevitably ours and no fitful week or two of goodness gives them, and no schooling of the visage either, but only habitual nobleness and graciousness within, and this will give them all. Nor does a wise man think he has watched the quick expressions which flit across the face unconsciously. The truth will out, and in these flashing motions sometimes we catch the rascals under a handsome mask, and sometimes catch the angel where we had not looked for one.—Rev. W. C. Gannett.

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CHICAGO, JULY 28, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Charley's Aunt."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"New Blood."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—American Extravaganza Co.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE TROUBLED TIMES.

The strike seems to be dying sullenly away, with the low, but ominous, mutterings of a storm whose first fury has been broken, but which leaves behind it indications of foul weather to follow. Disguise it, or apologize for it as we may, America is in a bad social and economic condition. Congress has not aided in restoring confidence to the people. On the contrary, it has exhausted public patience by its everlasting flatulency, and by the too evident intrusion of partisan political methods into the business of the nation. Too many statesmen have been anxious to make points in their own interest, and the business element has been, and is, kept in agony by a condition of legislative incertitude which may be likened to Chinese torture.

A god deal is said in the public press about the preservation of law and order. That is all right. Nobody but a madman, or an anarchist, would wish to see disorder and violence prevail, but how about the grievances of which the people complain? Can they be remedied by wise editorials? Will the autocrats of monopoly heed the warning that came on the wings of the social tempest, or will they still continue dogged and immovable in their attitude of noncompromise?

It seems to us that employers and employed should come to a reasonable understanding without much loss of time, and that all the burning questions which now distract and divide them should be settled by mutual concession, without waiting for the slow machinery of government—which may, after all, be inadequate for the purpose—to adjust their difficulties.

Nearly three weeks have passed by since the violent feature of the great strike reached its culminating point, and still the social skies look gloomy. There is discontent manifest, allied to much ill feeling, particularly in the labor centres of this city. Regiments of militia, reinforcing the police, are still kept on duty along the lines of railroad, and matters generally appear unsettled. Meanwhile the government prosecution of Eugene V. Debs and his associates is proceeding, and, in the course of it, much may be revealed that will open the eyes of the country to the gravity of the social situation. We have no doubt that, with the return of good times, most of the trouble would disappear. But when are they likely to return? Benjamin Harrison was enabled to say, when he was a successful candidate for the presidency, that "the gates of Castle Garden opened inward, never outward" to the flood of immigration. Now, however, President Cleveland can truthfully assert that the gates of Castle Garden open outward, and are likely to remain in that position for a long time. Surely, Americans who visited New York and our other seaports up to within two years ago, and who saw the crowds of people arriving from Europe, can hardly reconcile themselves to the spectacle now presented, of crowds of stalwart laboring people returning to "effete Europe" in search of employment they cannot find on American soil!

We have faith in the great republic, and we believe that it will emerge from the clouds that now hang around it more glorious than before, but, meanwhile, there will be discontent, suffering, crime and stern repression until those who are at the helm of state show themselves able to cope with the difficulties that beset the country. We are in sight of the breakers, and it will need good piloting to keep us from going to pieces on the rocks.

THE SENATORIAL CONTEST.

The fight for United States Senator, to succeed Shelby M. Cullom, is now "on" in this State, although the State convention failed to name a candidate. Several gentlemen are "mentioned," with emphasis, among them being the Hon. Joseph Medill, William E. Mason and the incumbent himself. Ex-Gov. Oglesby also looms up in the background. It cannot be denied that both Mr. Cullom and Gen. Oglesby made good governors, as well as senators, but Mr. Medill has been in harness longer than either of them, and certainly, as an able and influential editor, has done great things for the State and the Nation. He has not been much in public office, and, as a senator, he would, undoubtedly, make a memorable mark in the legislative history of the United States. Mr. Medill was a leading member of the Illinois Constitutional Convention of 1870, and did more than any of his colleagues in shaping the new Constitution of Illinois, which is, in nearly all respects, an admirable document. Among other things it limits the capacity of this city for going in debt, and, in that respect, is a blessing to the taxpayers. Mr. Medill may be not inaptly described as the father of our present Constitution. Now, if a man legislates effectively for the State, he certainly can for the Nation. Therefore, Mr. Medill's advancement to the senate would be a good thing not alone for Illinois, but also for the country at large.

Mr. William E. Mason is, as everybody knows, a very gifted orator. His "hits" in public gatherings are unrivalled, and he is a great favorite with the masses. If he were not so witty his chances of getting into the American "house of lords" would be greater than they are. Wit does not thrive in the senate, although it is frequently appreciated in the popular house. Mr. Mason is not the only really able man who has suffered because of a constitutional tendency to be jocular when dealing with grave, and even severe, questions of State. There, for example, was "Sunset" Cox. No abler man ever presided, as speaker pro. tem., over the deliberations of the house of representatives. But he would joke. In fact jokes gushed out of him even as mineral water gushes out of the Saratoga springs. "I got this tendency from my mother—my Irish mother, whose maiden name was Sullivan," said he to us one day in the lobby of the house. "It has been my undoing," he continued reflectively. "No matter how much in earnest I may be on any subject, the dunces will not think me serious. Therefore, I know I cannot be speaker. If I speak without making a joke, they say at once, 'Oh, Cox is declining.' If my efforts bristle with wit and epigram they say, 'Very amusing, indeed, very clever, but nothing serious, you know.' It has been my experience," he concluded, "that in order to be successful in the realm of politics, a man must never joke, no matter how great the temptation."

Messrs. Cullom and Oglesby are shrewd old parliamentary hands, up to every move in the game of politics. They know everybody worth knowing throughout the State, and their records are absolutely without stain. But they have served the country so long, many people cry out, "We want a change. Give the young men a chance."

EX-MINISTER EGAN MAKES IMPORTANT STATEMENTS.

General M. Kerwin, late collector of internal revenue in one of the most important districts of New York city, has recently been appointed police commissioner, and the appointment has stirred up a lot of bad blood among a certain element in the eastern metropolis, and, indeed, not a little outside of it. Gen. Kerwin is a distinguished veteran of the Civil War, and has always been a strong and consistent Irish Nationalist. He is, in politics, a Republican. Naturally this fact has aroused the anger of the mugwump New York *Times*, and abuse of Gen. Kerwin, chiefly through correspondence, has, of late, been prominent in its columns. The attack made upon the General drew from the Hon. Patrick Egan, ex-minister to Chili, the following letter:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TIMES: I have read with absolute amazement the several publications in the *Times* of the past three days anent the appointment of Gen. Kerwin to the position of police commissioner, and I beg you will permit me to express my unqualified surprise that your respectable journal should have permitted itself to be made the medium of publishing attacks instigated entirely by personal malice and personal vengeance.

"I am not interested in the struggle for supremacy between the followers of Mr. Platt and the adherents of the Committee of Thirty, only in so far as I regret the damage which their differences are inflicting upon the Republican party; nor do I feel called upon to take up the cudgels in defense of Gen. Kerwin, whose character as a brave Union soldier, as a tried public servant, and as an Irishman who did not hesitate in the hour of trial to risk his life for the cause of his native land, needs neither palliation nor apology. I do, however, object to, and most strongly protest against the tissues of misrepresentations and stale slanders in regard to the Irish movement, as well as to the participation of Irish-Americans in American affairs, to which you have given publicity in your columns. I have neither the time nor the inclination to reply in detail to the web of Pigottism and Le Caronism which has been injected into your publications. I will therefore confine myself to the two incidents in which my name is made to figure:

"First—It is stated by your New York writer that in connection with the anti-Cleveland movement originated by Alexander Sullivan in 1883, Mr. Sullivan called a meeting of prominent Irishmen, which meeting was held in his law office in Chicago at 8 o'clock on a certain morning; that a number of persons attended, including myself, and that Judge Prendergast made a proposition, etc. I have to say in reply to all this that I never received from Mr. Sullivan, or anybody else, any call to any such meeting; that I never was present at or heard of such meeting, and that I never heard of any such proposition as that said to have been made at such meeting.

"Second—Your Chicago correspondent says: 'Harrison made a deal with them (the Clan-na-Gael) which resulted in Patrick Egan being sent as minister to Chili, and in Kerwin being made collector of inland revenue in the second district of New York.'

"So far from there having been any such deal in my case, the very first suggestion of my appointment originated in the month of January, 1889, over two months after the election of President Harrison. My appointment was cordially supported by my own State of Nebraska, which had elected me at the head of its delegation to the national convention, giving me 594 votes in a State convention of 616 delegates, and my chief supporter outside of my State was my good friend, Patrick Ford of the *Irish World*, who never had had any connection whatsoever with the Clan-na-Gael.

"Neither the Clan-na-Gael nor any other Irish organization had any connection with my appointment, and the same applies to the appointment of Gen. Kerwin to the position of collector of internal revenue.

"It may be no harm to remind the *Times* that the State legislature of Nebraska passed a unanimous resolution thanking President Harrison for having appointed me to the Chilian mission.

"I perceive that the *Times* writers go out of their way to assail Gen. Kerwin as 'Alexander Sullivan's friend.' May I beg that the favor be done me to include me in the same category? I too, am a friend of Alexander Sullivan, and I am proud of the privilege of being so considered.

"I will conclude by saying that the authors of the foul garbage dumped on the *Times* are known to every Irish-American from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as well as the motives by which they are actuated, and the only surprise is that a paper of its standing would allow its columns to be used by such people and for such purposes.

PATRICK EGAN.

"New York, July 19, 1894."

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

The Republican State convention, which assembled at Springfield this week, placed the following ticket in the field: For State Treasurer, Henry Wulff, of Cook county, at present county clerk; for Superintendent of Public Instruction, S. M. Inglis; for Trustees of the State University, Mrs. J. M. Flower, Alexander McLean, and S. A. Bullard. The nomination of Mr. Wulff took nobody by surprise, as it was a foregone conclusion after Cook county unanimously instructed its delegates to vote for him. The proposition to name a Senator was voted down, and that question will have to be decided, as heretofore, by the State legislature.

ENGLISH IGNORANCE OF IRELAND.

The English may be pretty smart fellows when all by themselves on their own dunghill, as it were, but when they come in contact with bright Irishmen, their tail-feathers begin to droop. They are not half as well "posted," as they think they are, on Irish affairs, and are almost absolutely ignorant of the most recent history of Ireland's unfortunate connection with their greedy and exasperating country. The following account of a recent business debate in the British house of commons, from the pen of a correspondent for the Dublin *Daily Independent*, will be read with interest:

"It is not often that the army estimates afford subjects of interest to Ireland, and, for this week past the champion bores of this parliament, Messrs. Hanbury, Bowles, Bartley and Company have made them more uninteresting not only to Ireland but to Great Britain than they have ever been before. To-night, however, Mr. Clancy disturbed the prevailing dullness and the purely professional tone of the discussion by an incursion, in the course of which he contrived to bring the Irish question—in one of its minor, but still locally, important phases—to the front. The member for North Dublin raised the question of the Main Drainage of Dublin and the obstruction offered to it by the War Office. I need not here enter into the details of the statement made by Mr. Clancy. They will be sufficiently set out in the reports of his speech. But I may say that the whole tone and spirit of his speech were refreshing. He spoke in no stinted language of what he called the meanness and audacity of the War Office in asking the corporation to pay no less a sum than £65,000 for what he styled the 'absurd and antiquated institution known as the Pigeon House Fort,' and of the reckless red-tapeism of allowing the supposed sanitary or insanitary results of the proposed main drainage scheme to the few occupants of the fort to stand in the way of a work necessary for the health of 300,000 inhabitants of the city of Dublin. Mr. Clancy claimed that the Pigeon House Fort ought to be given to the corporation for nothing, on the ground that a few years ago the War Office had acquired for nothing at all Richmond Prison, which had cost the corporation of Dublin £100,000, and he finally inveighed with some justifiable warmth against any further delay in settling the whole question in that way. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman in reply made the same case as he had made before, and incidentally remarked that the corporation of Dublin, through the deputation which waited upon him last summer, had been more moderate in its demands than the member for North Dublin. Mr. Clancy's reply was pointed and true. 'If it be,' he said, 'that the corporation has been more moderate than I, I am not altogether surprised. Irishmen are always too soft in dealing with British ministers. They will drive a harder bargain when they come over and come in contact with their rulers.' This was the proper style undoubtedly to adopt in such a case, and if it were more frequently adopted there would be fewer attempts to plunder the corporation of Dublin and other public bodies in Ireland.

"Mr. Hanbury, who deems it his duty apparently to poke his nose into everything, followed with a complaint that the secretary for war offering the Pigeon House Fort to the Dublin corporation for £65,000 was asking entirely too little, and was *pro tanto* robbing the British exchequer. To this speech Mr. Clancy made a short and crushing reply. He pointed out that the United Kingdom had never paid a penny of the sum originally paid by the government for the Pigeon House, inasmuch as the original purchase took place before the British and Irish exchequers were amalgamated, and when all such expenditure was charged to the revenue of Ireland. 'The ignorant speech of the honorable member, therefore,' said Mr. Clancy, 'falls flat, and is absolutely without point.' This brusque criticism completely flattened Mr. Hanbury. Altogether the discussion, though no concession was there and then obtained, was most useful, and cannot but have a good effect if only the corporation of Dublin take up the attitude adopted by Mr. Clancy, and throw upon the War Office the responsibility of blocking the drainage scheme."

TO ORGANIZE A LYCEUM.

The Irish Fireside Literary Club have called a meeting at their club rooms, Columbia Hall Building, Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets, Sunday, Aug. 12, at 7:30 p. m. All Irish-American societies having an interest in the establishment of an Irish-American Lyceum in this city, are invited to send three delegates each. Messrs. P. F. Holden and John J. Sherlock, officers of the Fireside Literary Club, have written a card in which they state that, although the initiative is taken by their society, they desire no monopoly of the proposed new organization, and will leave everything to the free will of the convention. This is straightforward and manly, and will have a good effect. Those desiring tickets for the convention can address Patrick F. Holden, office of the *Young Irishman*, Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets, city. THE CITIZEN wishes the movement all the success which it so richly merits.

IRISH NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION.

On Aug. 15, at Ogden Grove, the Irish-American people of Chicago will have the pleasure of listening to two of the most noted living orators of their race—the Hon. A. L. Morrison of Santa Fe, N.M., formerly of this city, and O'Neill Ryan, of St. Louis. Mr. Morrison's eloquent voice has not been heard in this city for many years, but its ringing tones are not forgotten by those who remember the brave old Fenian days. Thousands of his former fellow citizens will be delighted to hear the veteran orator once again, and they will find that his wonderful power of speech has improved rather than declined, with advancing years. O'Neill Ryan was scarcely born when Mr. Morrison was already a power in the Irish movement, but he, too, has the gift which the Creator seems to have bestowed in so large a measure on the sons of the Irish race, and, in the hands of two such men, the national sentiment of the Irish people of Chicago will be secure. Mr. Ryan will speak in the afternoon, and Mr. Morrison in the evening. Other well known speakers will be Messrs. M. P. Brady, M. V. Gannon, Miles Kehoe and P. M. Flanagan. Mr. Francis Agnew will preside in the afternoon and Mr. W. H. Joyce at night.

REV. M. O'SULLIVAN.

Rev. M. O'Sullivan, assistant pastor of the Nativity church, this city, is about to visit his home at Sneem, county Kerry, Ireland, and will sail from New York for the Emerald Isle, on Aug. 4. Father O'Sullivan carries with him across the Atlantic foam, the good wishes of thousands of friends and admirers in Chicago, all of whom wish him a pleasant visit to the old home, and a safe return to the scene of his spiritual labors in this city.

THE United States grand jury still continues to find new indictments against Debs. Draco was smothered, as we are told, under the weight of garments thrown upon him by the Greeks. If the United States grand jury keeps on, Debs is likely to be suffocated by the weight of indictments found against him. And yet, he appears to be happy.

THE Evicted Tenants' (Ireland) bill passed its third reading in the British commons on Monday. It will, as a matter of course, be overwhelmingly rejected by the lords.

IT seems to us that the accusations of Eugene V. Debs have stirred up what may be termed a triangular war between our esteemed brethren of the *Herald*, *Times*, and *Inter-Ocean*. We are surprised that the mild mannered gentlemen who "run" these organs should indulge in such unchristian language toward each other.

ALD. MICHAEL RYAN had his Universal Gas Company ordinance passed over the mayor's veto, by a vote of 53 to 14, at the last meeting of the city council.

THE IRISH LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

[*To the Editor.*]

In your issue of June 30 you intimate a desire for the organization of a society on the lines of the old Irish Literary Association. As you know I have belonged to numerous national organizations, but my recollections of the delightful reunions of the Irish Literary Association are among the most pleasant of my entire life. As I sit here, far away from all the beloved old comrades, my mind drifts back to those halcyon days, and the old familiar voices greet my ears again. So long as life lasts I can never forget the manly faces and true hearts which stood around us then, and in every way reflected credit on the dear old home. How plainly I can see the stalwart form of our first president, the deeply lamented John J. Fitzgibbon, who now sleeps the sleep of the faithful Catholic and the devoted Irishman. Of him it may be truly said "Semper et ubique fidelis." God rest his soul. Give me space to sketch one scene which was the crowning glory of the association. The Chicago Lyceum, which had a membership of some of the brightest young lawyers in the city, debated this question: "Is the Fenian Brotherhood Deserving of the Sympathy of the American People?" This was decided in the negative.

The Irish Literary Association promptly challenged the Lyceum to debate the same question in public. The gauntlet was taken up, committees were appointed, and a chairman (Dr. Wickersham) was mutually agreed on, who was to decide which side produced the strongest arguments, leaving it to the audience to decide the sympathy phase of the question. As our debaters entered the old Farwell Hall they found it packed to the doors with an expectant and enthusiastic audience. We had the opening and closing of the debate. When our first speaker was called to the stage he was greeted with such an outburst of applause as set our minds at rest so far as the feelings of the audience were concerned. It was uphill work for our opponents from the start, as they were either compelled to repudiate the rights of revolution or to argue that the Irish people were unfit for self-government. They could not go back on the principle on which the American government rested, and we were there to prove that Ireland was ready at any time, when she could overthrow the English enemy, to manage her own affairs. As the debate progressed the interest of the audience became more and more intense, and when our last speaker had closed the controversy and the chairman gave us the palm of victory our friends, who then comprised nearly every soul in the hall, became almost wild with joy. Men and women were on their feet cheering with a vehemence and vim, unknown outside of an Irish audience. That debate settled the Fenian question so far as the literary societies of Chicago were concerned. The fame of our victory spread all over the Union, and years thereafter I heard of it east and west.

Another of our debates and victories was "Whether the Latin or Germanic Race Had Done Most for Civilization in Europe and America." The debaters were almost the same as in the first contest. We took the Latin side, and good old Judge Booth, who was chairman, decided in our favor. But outside of our debates our weekly reunions, where vocal and instrumental music, readings, recitations, etc., ruled the hour, were above anything of the kind ever attempted in Chicago. But it was on St. Patrick nights that we reached the very apex of enjoyment; they were looked forward to for months ahead with joyous expectation. How often our glorious soldier, the immortal Sheridan, honored us with his welcome presence and partook of our hospitality. He was an honored man indeed, who was chosen to respond to a toast before those charming assemblages of all that was most lovely and most gallant of the Irish society of those days. We were the first society to invite ladies to our banquet hall, and what is a banquet or any other social gathering without the beautifying and refining presence of God's best gifts to man? We had Catholics, Protestants, Republicans and Democrats among us, but we never had an unpleasant word, because we had one common platform on which we all stood, and that was, "Undying love of Ireland and hatred of England."

I am glad to see that there is a hope of a resuscitation of the splendid old society, and I earnestly trust that the hope will soon be realized. There are yet some of the Old Guard to the fore, and I am sure they have yet enough of the fire of youth left to rally the young generation around them and kindle in their minds the patriotic spirit of their heroic sires. Then the memories of the O'Neills and O'Donnells, of Tone and Emmet and Lord Edward will be kept alive and green, and as the rolling year brings round the anniversaries of "Glendalough," "Clontibret," "Beal an ath buidhe," "Fontenoy," "Malplaquet," "Landen," "Saintfield," "Vinegar Hill," "New Ross," and "Wexford," the story of these and other brilliant victories would be said and sung, and the grand old days of Ireland's bravery will be celebrated and perpetuated for ever. I have said nothing about our duty to America because it is not necessary. The Irish Nationalist who does not love America never had, has not now, and never will have, an existence. God bless you all and God save Ireland.

A. L. MORRISON.

OBITUARY.

MR. THOMAS C. WELSH.

Mr. Thomas C. Welsh, a very well known business man of this city, died at his residence, No. 339 West Park avenue, on Sunday in his 59th year. He was born in Ireland, but had been a resident of Chicago since boyhood. His wife, a most exemplary lady, died several years ago, and Mr. Welsh did not remarry, but devoted himself to the interests of his children, Frank G., Katie M., and Thomas C., Jr., who survive him. He was a very worthy citizen and had a large number of personal friends. Mr. Welsh had been in declining health for some time before his death, but, notwithstanding, his friends were greatly shocked by the fatal termination of his illness. He was thoroughly a family man, and took only a moderate interest in political questions of any kind. His children will miss in him one of the kindest and best of fathers. The funeral occurred on Tuesday morning from the residence to St. Malachy's church, thence by carriages to Calvary. High mass of requiem was sung at the church, and the mortuary discourse was preached by the pastor, the Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett.

MRS. JOSEPH KEADY.

Mrs. Joseph Keady, of No. 26 Elston avenue, died last Thursday evening, and when she did, THE CITIZEN lost an old reader and an ardent admirer of its characteristics and principles. Mrs. Keady read nearly every issue of THE CITIZEN since it was started, until a couple of months ago, when the illness that terminated in her death prevented her reading at all. She was born in the county Galway, about thirty-six years ago, and came to Chicago when she was sixteen. She was, then Miss Mary A. Usher, but soon after arrival here married Joseph Keady, a well known resident of the northwest side of the city. Mrs. Keady never forgot the early lessons of hearty hospitality which she learned in old Galway and a more friendly and gracious hostess in receiving and hospitably entertaining her friends rarely came from the Green Island. When she died Thursday evening she left a husband, four young children, and innumerable friends to mourn her loss. The funeral took place from St. Stephen's church, Ohio and Sangamon streets, Sunday morning, and the unusually long procession of carriages that accompanied the remains to Calvary cemetery gave evidence of the widespread esteem in which she had been held. Among the many who attended the funeral were her three brothers, Patrick, Edward, and John; her sister, Mrs. Lally, and the brother of Mr. Keady. The absolution was pronounced by Rev. Father Quinn and the solemn requiem high mass was celebrated Monday morning.

MRS. REBECCA O'BRIEN.

Mrs. Rebecca O'Brien, wife of Mr. Patrick O'Brien, an old and popular resident of Chicago, died at her home, No. 3672 Wabash avenue, on Monday after a protracted illness. Deceased was an exemplary wife and mother, a devout Christian, and of a most charitable disposition. Her health had been on the decline for some years, and the end was, no doubt, hastened by the comparatively recent deaths of a son and daughter. The latter, Mrs. M. D. Flavin, was the eldest of her numerous children. Three married and four unmarried daughters, with two sons, survive her. A very large number of friends visited the house and assembled at the church of St. Elizabeth to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of Mrs. O'Brien. Floral offerings were numerous and handsome, the casket being deeply enframed in the graceful tributes of friendship and affection. The obsequies occurred on Wednesday morning, from the residence to the church, where requiem mass was sung by the Rev. Father James McGavick, who also preached a simple, but eloquently touching funeral sermon. At the conclusion of the religious services the remains were reborne to the hearse by the following pall bearers: Messrs. M. D. Flavin, John A. Boland, J. J. M. Kelly, and John P. Boyle, sons-in-law of Mrs. O'Brien, and Alexander Sullivan, Edward Murphy, George P. Gilman, and M. McNamara. A large funeral cortege escorted the relics to Mt. Olivet cemetery, where they were laid to rest. Mr. O'Brien and the surviving members of his family have the deep sympathy of their numerous friends in the affliction which has befallen them.

OUR IRISH CLUBS.

The latest addition to our Irish clubs is striking out on a field not overmuch traveled, and one full of general interest. That competent hands were at the helm was shown at the first meeting of the literary class connected with the Irish National club which was held on Friday evening last at its headquarters, No. 596 Seventh avenue. Notwithstanding the excessive heat, the rooms were filled with members, and the inaugural meeting of this department was a grand success, which reflects great credit on Mr. J. P. Moran, who is the director of the department. The subject debated was "Whether the Condition of Ireland Would Be Better as an Independent Nation, or as a part of the British Empire?"

The following were the speakers for connection with England: Messrs. W. H. Fearns, J. J. Cullen, R. J. Crane, Edward Dornan. For total independence were: John P. Moran, John J. Hamilton, T. P. Conneff and Martin Cregan.

Mr. Moran opened the debate with a strong argument for the side of independence. Mr. Fearns followed in opposition and evoked great applause. The meeting finally ruled that those on the part of independence had a great deal the best of it.

Developing the talents of our people, raising the standard of their capacity, broadening the historical knowledge of our workers, and weaving close fraternal and social bonds the while offer a noble scope for the career of this influential young club.—*New York Catholic Weekly Union, July 21.*

For The Citizen.

DAWN.

BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

Light is thy foot on the blue-crested mountain,
Thy cool breath just dimples the valley's clear fountain
And thy whisper so shy is that scarce does it count in
The tremor-leaved rose or the tower-climbing vine;
Thy glances are spectral but soon will there follow
The warm burnished light of the sungod Apollo
To stream o'er the hill and rill and the hollow
And waken the lark to a fervor divine.

So the first touch of love is as soft and uncertain
As thy pale beam, O dawn, and we scarce feel the hurt in
Its colorless ray till it rolls up the curtain
And the light of its glory bursts full on the view,
Then there rises a flood of the sweetest emotion
And it sweeps on the soul from eternity's ocean
Till we lose sight of self and the world's narrow notion
And at love's throne of splendor we kneel down and sue.

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

Two Football Games That Were Greatly Enjoyed—The Attendance at the G. A. A. Games on the Increase.

Last Sunday afternoon two football games were played on the grounds of the Gaelic Athletic Association, Thirty-ninth street and Wentworth avenue. The attendance was larger than on previous Sundays, the ground was hard and slippery and the spectators evidently enjoyed the many mishaps of the contestants. In the first game, between the Shamrocks and the O'Connells, a good start was made by the O'Connells. Ahern, Perkins and Murphy carried the ball up to the Shamrocks' goal and Leney nearly sent it through. Crane and Egney sent it back and Watt Powers forced it into O'Connell ground. M. Powers succeeded in sending the ball out for a point. Corbett sent the ball into play. Gallagher, Egney and Nugent followed it up and Powers was awarded a free kick. He sent the ball to McGlynn and the latter, with the aid of Nugent, added another point to the Shamrocks' score. The O'Connells found themselves hard pressed. Sheeley, Murphy and Mahony came to the rescue several times. But the Shamrocks, under Nugent, Barry and M. Powers, continued the siege and a point and a goal were scored by them in order. In vain did the O'Connells try to stem the tide of defeat. Nugent, Burke, Powers and Egney kept on shooting for points. McClynn secured a goal. The Shamrocks were one goal and four points ahead at half time. During the second half the Shamrocks kept the ball most of the time in the O'Connell's ground, and though Sheeley, Murphy and Leney made an able defense, the rushes of Powers, Nugent and Barry resulted in several points for the Shamrocks. Powers got two points on free kicks and everything seemed to be going the Shamrocks' way. The O'Connells made one desperate effort, and after some plucky play and well-aimed kicks Ryan scored a point. The Shamrocks got them on the run again and two more points were added, making a total of 1 goal and 10 points. O'Connells scored 1 point. The players were:

Shamrocks—P. Barry, captain; M. and W. Powers, P. Egney, T. Burke, M. Gallagher, N. Crane, M. Ryan, J. McGlynn, Burns, O'Donnell, Holmes, Kennedy, Strapp, Egan, Corbett, Nugent.

O'Connells—J. Leney, captain; J. Sheeley, Shanahan, Flynn, J. M'Auliffe, B. Mahony, R. McAuliffe, Dorgan, Murphy, E. Mahony, Walsh, Ahern, Pendy, Perkins, Ryan.

The next game, between the Emmets and the Grattans, was more closely contested, and the frequent jostling and tumbling of the players afforded much amusement. The Grattans played without some of their best men, but those of the old team who took a hand showed themselves in good form. The Emmets, with a little wind at their back, made the running. Hall and Carmody made a point each. Butler made several good rushes along the side, but found it hard to pass Phil Ryan. Hall, Murphy, and T. Ryan rushed out a goal and added two points in succession. Burke, Sheehan, Dorgan and Cahill led the Grattans into Emmet ground, but Norris and Sisk sent the ball back and Hall and O'Brien scored a goal and a point. In the second half the Grattans showed up to better advantage. Butler was still the leader of many successful rushes and he, Dorgan and Ahern secured another goal and two points. But the Emmets were only backing for a bound. Sisk, Murphy, Ryan, Hall and Cronin were in excellent shape and kept the Grattans busy stopping shots at goal. Myles, Con Murphy and Reidy foiled the Grattans attempts and the game resulted in a score of four goals and ten points for the Emmets to two goals and four points for the Grattans. The players were:

Emmets—P. T. Murphy, captain; J. Reidy, C. Murphy, Tim Ryan, J. Myles, Tom Ryan, P. Kennedy, R. Cronin, James Sisk, T. O'Brien, J. Kennedy, D. Carmody, W. Hall, P. Ryan, M. Norris, M. English, Pat Murphy.

Grattans—P. Dorgan, captain; T. Fleming, M. Geraghty, T. Flynn, P. Sullivan, M. McNamamon, O. Gibbons, E. Cahill, J. Burke, M. Butler, D. Ahern, J. Sheehan, J. O'Brien.

Referee—P. Moriarty.

MASS IN THE OPEN AIR.

(To the Editor.)

Last Sunday, the first battalion of the Seventh Regiment, I.N.G., (Hibernian Rifles), attended mass at LaGrange by invitation of the Rev. Father Hagan. They were commanded by Major Garret J. Carroll. Father Hagan preached an eloquent sermon. The second battalion attended mass at Fort Turner, Western avenue and Sixteenth streets, the celebration being in the open field for the first time in this city, since the war. The chaplain, Father Kelly, was celebrant. He preached an excellent discourse. B.

HONORED DANIEL CORKERY.

The Board of Education Passes Resolutions of Respect to His Memory.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Education, the following action was taken in regard to Mr. Daniel Corkery's death: Mr. Brenan, chairman of the special committee appointed to prepare suitable reselutions expressive of the sense of the board on the death of Mr. Daniel Corkery, a former member of the board, presented the following:

WHEREAS, We have received the painful information that Daniel Cerkery, a former member of this body, passed from this life on June 25, 1894; and

WHEREAS, Mr. Corkery, himself a native of Chicago and a product of her Public Schools, was an exemplary citizen in private life, an upright and progressive business man, and a most faithful, painstaking, watchful member of this board;

Resolved, That we regret the death of this model citizen in the prime of a most useful and promising life, and regard it as a loss to humanity, to commerce, and to the friends of education and patriotism;

Resolved, That we commend to the rising generation the example of his good life, his unswerving integrity, his great industry in business, and his perseverance in all good works. The life of Daniel Corkery demonstrated that, in our free country, the road to success is open to all who live sober, industrious, moral lives, and who are faithful to the convictions of clean consciences;

Resolved, That the members of the Board of Education of the City of Chicago hereby tender their profound sympathy to the widow and family of their late associate and beloved friend, and that a copy of these resolutions be suitably engrossed and transmitted to Mrs. Corkery.

Mr. Mallette moved that the resolutions presented by Mr. Brenan be adopted by a rising vote, which was carried.

The president, Mr. A. S. Trude, then made the fallowing remarks:

"Our deceased brother never aspired to rank as a sky-flaming meteor or blazing star, but was rather a steadfast and constant light which inspired love while it burned, and grief when it was extinguished in the gloom of the newly-made grave.

"He ever declined political office, but was the master spirit which placed the myrtle crown of official power upon the heads of others. Truth and fidelity are traits rarely experienced by those who thrive under the hot blaze of a political sun, but Daniel Corkery was a grand exception to this almost universal rule; his word carried with it all the force of a solemn obligation which he never failed to keep. It mattered not whether Daniel Corkery attended City, State, or a National convention as delegate, his presence and conduct gave an earnest impulse and influence in the direction of purity in politics and honesty in candidates.

"It too often happens that the human face, instead of truthfully delineating the character of a man, is but a mask behind which are concealed the true nature and characteristics of the person. Not so with our esteemed friend. His broad, genial, thoughtful and sincere face and features truthfully portrayed the workings of the heart that beat within his breast, and the brain that was lodged within his head. Engaged in a very extensive business which brought him in contact with the public institutions of the city of Chicago, his dealings and obligations with them, as well as those entered into by him with his fellow man, have ever been free from complaint, or even criticism.

"Love blended with sorrow for our friend brought out that large body of our citizens that crowded around his bier and lined the streets from the door of the church to the edge of his grave, and in it was represented all classes and conditions in life. The occupant of the lowly cottage stood beside the resident of the palatial habitation, and both bent their uncovered and sorrow-stricken heads as the body of Mr. Corkery was borne past them.

"His acknowledged modesty, sterling integrity, and moral worth were outshone by his acts of charity, which were as numberless as the flowers placed upon his honored grave by thoughtful friends.

"He was once of this body. His record while here, as in his private life, was stainless. Let us now testify to our appreciation of his high qualities, and manifest our sorrow at his untimely departure by a rising vote."

Whereupon every member stood upon his feet, and the resolutions were adopted unanimously.

Talks With a Conjurer.

"You describe the trick very well," said Prof. Kellar, smiling blandly. "And now for the explanation. In the first place, the lemon is a prepared one. The pulp has been removed and a handkerchief inserted, and the plug replaced and fastened by wire. The materialization of the lemon is simply done by palming. Then you will remember that I take the proffered handkerchief from the lady in the audience, and turning towards the stage toss the lemon to my assistant. This turn gives me time to tuck the handkerchief under my waistband and take out the little bundle of pieces. These I give to a gentleman. Then I turn toward the stage again, and during this turn take the long strip of cotton from my waistband. The gentleman discovers the pieces in his hand, and while I am showing him how to restore the handkerchief, I substitute the long strip for the pieces. These I tuck under my waistband. When the strip is discovered I load it into my pistol and fire it at the lemon. Of course, when I cut the lemon open the handkerchief which I find is only a substitute. The original, you remember, is still safe under my waistband. Then comes the question of the handkerchief smelling of lemon, and the use of the eau de Cologne. Now comes my assistant's turn, and he burns the handkerchief. Then I step out and get the sheet of paper. In point of fact it is double, and three of the sides are pasted together, forming a sort of bag. I take the handkerchief from my waistband, fold it up as flat and small as possible, and drop it in this bag. Then I wrap the burnt handkerchief in the paper and step down to the audience with it. Of course it's an easy matter to open the bundle so that only the inside of the bag is exposed, and the original handkerchief is restored to its owner.—*Home and Country for July.*

THE MEN OF THE ALAMO.

BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

To Houston at Gonzales town, ride, Ranger, for your life,
Nor stop to say good-by today to home, or child or wife;
But pass the word from ranch to ranch, to every Texan sword,
That fifty hundred Mexicans have cross'd the Nueces ford,
With Castrillon and perjured Cos, Sesma and Almonte,
And Santa Anna ravenous for vengeance and for prey!
They smite the land with fire and sword; the grass shall never grow
Where northward sweeps that locust horde on San Antonio!

Now who will bar the foeman's path, to gain a breathing space,
Till Houston and his scattered men shall meet him face to face?
Who holds his life as less than naught when home and honor call,
And counts the guerdon full and fair for liberty to fall?
Oh, who but Barret Travis, the bravest of them all!
With seven score of riflemen to play the rancher's game,
And feed a counter-fire to halt the sweeping prairie flame;
For Bowie of the broken blade is there to cheer them on,
With Evans of Concepcion, who conquered Castrillon,
And o'er their heads the Lone Star flag defiant floats on high,
And no man thinks of yielding, and no man fears to die.

But ere the siege is held a week a cry is heard without,
A clash of arms, a rifle peal, the Rangers' ringing shout,
And two-and-thirty beardless boys have bravely hewed their way
To die with Travis if they must, to conquer if they may.
Was ever bravery so cheap in Glory's mart before
In all the ways of chivalry, in all the deeds of war?

But once again the foemen gaze in wonderment and fear
To see a stranger break their lines and hear the Texans cheer.
God! how they cheered to welcome him, those spent and starving men!
For Davy Crockett by their side was worth an army then.
The wounded ones forgot their wounds; the dying drew a breath
To hail the king of border men, then turned to laugh at death.
For all knew Davy Crockett, blithe and generous as bold,
And strong and rugged as the quartz that hides its heart of gold,
His simple creed for word or deed true as the bullet sped,
And rung the target straight: "Be sure you're right, then go ahead!"

And were they right who fought the fight for Texas by his side?
They questioned not; they faltered not; they only fought and died.
Who hath an enemy like these, God's mercy slay him straight!—
A thousand Mexicans lay dead outside the convent gate,
And half a thousand more must die before the fortress falls.
And still the tide of war beats high around the leaguered walls.

At last the bloody breach is won; the weakened lines give way;
The wolves are swarming in the court; the lions stand at bay.
The leader meets them at the breach, and wins the soldier's prize;
A foeman's bosom sheathes his sword when gallant Travis dies.
Now let the victor feast at will until his crest be red—
We may not know what raptures fill the vulture with the dead.
Let Santa Anna's valiant sword right bravely hew and back
The senseless corse; its hands are cold; they will not strike him back.
Let Bowie die, but 'ware the hand that wields his deadly knife;
Four went to slay, and one comes back, so dear he sells his life.
And last of all let Crockett fall, too proud to sue for grace.
So grand in death the butcher dared not look upon his face.

* * * * *

But far on San Jacinto's field the Texan toils are set,
And Alamo's dread memory the Texan steel shall whet,
And Fame shall tell their deeds who fell till all the years be run.
"Thermopylæ left one alive—the Alamo left none."

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

MANUS O'DONNELL'S PIKE.

Quite recently I was shown an extraordinary weapon that had done good service in a rebel hand during '98, says a writer in the *Weekly Independent*. It belonged to Manus O'Donnell, of the Valley of Lifford—one of the strongest and proudest men of that county—who led a band of Donegal peasantry against the Yeomanry. O'Donnell was captured in one of the engagements and sentenced to death, but owing to the curiosity that had been aroused among the enemy by the tales of marvelous feats attributed to his strength of arm, the captain of the Yeomen decreed that his life should be spared on one condition—viz, that he should overthrow in single combat the most powerful mounted trooper of the regiment. This condition was agreed to by the insurgent leader, and armed only with his pike he was led into the inclosure to fight for his life. On every side the Yeomen kept watch, eagerly calculating the chances of the stalwart rebel against the huge champion of their company. O'Donnell's pike was a most defective weapon, being merely a scythe blade set into a well-seasoned sparth, and finished off at the end by the usual hook. However, in his hands, it was capable of playing a goodly part. The trooper advanced to meet him, magnificently mounted and armed in truly warlike fashion. Amid the shouts of his friends he charged his opponent, but O'Donnell, springing nimbly aside, caught with the hook of his pike the belt that held the soldier's pistols, and tore him out of the saddle. The combat was decided after a short struggle, and the rebel, with his foot on the breast of his prostrate foe, demanded the promised liberty. The Yeomen, furious at his victory, clamored that the former sentence should be carried out, and accordingly the plucky rebel was led back to prison to await his hanging. Lord Caulfield, at that time commander of the forces, hearing some particulars of the incident, interposed, and by his orders Manus O'Donnell was set free. He left Ireland afterwards, but stories of his prowess are still remembered by the peasantry of his native county.

When So Many people are taking and deriving benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla, why don't you try it yourself? It will build you up. Hood's Sarsaparilla will make you strong.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. Try a box.

Their Real Names.

Here are a few interesting points of information as to the names of literary men:

Wilkie Collins was really William Wilkie Collins.

Austin Dobson was baptized Henry Austin Dobson.

Maurice Thompson ten years ago was James Maurice Thompson.

Brander Matthews's whole name is James Brander Matthews.

Lawrence Hutton is James Lawrence Hutton.

Henry Rider Haggard is the full name of the author of sensational novels.

Slason Thompson, editor of the *Evening Journal*, has within ten years dropped his first name, Alexander.

Joaquin Miller is really Cincinnatus Hiner Miller.

Edmund William Gosse and Edgar William Nye would scarcely be identified by their real names.

Julian Hawthorne has not for twelve years used his historic middle name, Croninshield.

Francis Richard Stockton is now known as Frank Stockton.

Charles Egbert Craddock is Miss Murfree.

Bayard Taylor's first name was James.—*Ex.*

MISS ROSA O'HALLORAN.

Only Woman Member of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific.

The only woman astronomer of any importance on the Pacific coast is Miss Rosa O'Halloran. She is also the only woman member of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, having been nominated to the honor by Prof. Holden. The San Francisco *Chronicle* gives a sketch of her life. From her earliest childhood, she was attracted by astronomy, and it was the only study that was always a pleasure and never a task. In appearance Miss O'Halloran is interesting. She is very small with a well-shaped head firmly set on small shoulders, and held up with that indescribable air that denotes character. Her eyes are gray, with circles around them that tell of watching at night, but they are very pleasant, cheerful eyes for all that. She dresses with the utmost simplicity. Miss O'Halloran was born in Carrickon-Suir, Tipperary, Ireland. Her father was well-to-do, and his daughter received a good education. After his death the family wealth rapidly disappeared, and the carefully raised daughter had to think about earning a living. Miss O'Halloran came to America and began teaching, and she naturally chose astronomy, her favorite subject, as her specialty. She managed to keep up her independent observations in spite of the difficulty of teaching all day and star gazing all night. Her chief difficulty was the lack of a fitting instrument for her work. She was at last enabled to obtain her heart's desire. Prof. George Davison became interested in her struggles, and it was by the help of his wife and himself that she finally obtained a 4½ inch Brasher refractor. The room where Miss O'Halloran and the telescope do their work is an observatory and classroom combined, for she still finds it necessary to teach. In place of pictures the observatory is hung with maps and charts of the heavens. Just now she is looking for variable stars. On every clear night she scans the heavens in the region of Scorpion. Each night she draws a map on which the positions and magnitude of the stars are indicated. In 1894 she will have completed her third set of maps. From these she will determine what stars she supposed to be variable to Scorpion. On Jan. 19, 1893, she observed and sketched a rapidly developing group of spots near the sun's western limb. The return of the group on the eastern limb was first seen on Feb. 4. This group as identified with the great February sun spot group, so that Miss O'Halloran was one of the very earliest observers, and possibly the earliest, which shows what can be accomplishrd by industry even with nothing better than a 4½-inch telescope. During years of struggle and study she has added to her income by writing astronomical articles for the *Scientific American* and other magazines. At present Miss O'Halloran is collecting material for a book. She expects it to take years but some day all the maps and diagrams she is drawing will be collected and published.

GAELIC POETRY.

Smuainte Cruadha.

Doilghiosacha air staid Tire mo Dhuthchais.

Is truagh liom tir mo shinsear, faoi smacht a's smdit mar tá,
Gan sólás lae 'g a muintir, acht gul a's caoi 'gus erádh;
Gan éadach sróll ná siodaigh mar bhi san am fad ó;
Gan biadh mar chiseacht a saoithe acht amhgar a's anró.

Is fada, fada atá sí faoi dhaor-chuing chruadh na n-Gall;
Gan saoirseacht mar ba ghnáth dhi, acht daoirseacht, meang, a's feall;
Gan clisteacht cleas na h-óige, gan sólás croidhe na n-aos,
Gan meidhreachd oidhch' Brighideóige, gan seilg, spórt no féis.

A m-béidh sí choidhche mar so?—gan stil le sógh ná seun,
Faoi chuing na g-coimhtheach fallsa, gan ceart air bith—mo leun!
Nach bh-fuil a daoine ceannsa, 's d'á g-creideamh fior go h-eug?—
A Dhia na sioth, cuir, feasda, an dith air lochd na m-breug!

Nach foighideach iad faoi dhaoirse!—nach aireach iad air fheall!—
Is ortsa ghuidhid le dilse;—do thrócaire 'Dia tá máil;
Tabhair ortha d'aghaidh le grása a's bris na teuda teann',
Tá fós go dlith d'á bh-fásgadh 's d'á g-coimeád choidhche fann.

O! tá siad cródha, láidir, 's air uairibh dána, teann;
Ni'l cath air bith le h-díreamh ná raibh a lámha ann;
Tá 'g-cló air feadh na h-Eórpa, is mór san tir so 'g-cáil—
Deir stáir', mar fhearaibh cómhraic, nach raibh a samhuilt le fághail.

Anois a Dhia na saoirse,—créad fáth an t ualach trom
Tá leagtha air na daoinibh? Créad fáth a g-cinn bheith crom?
Deir eldir gurb áil le h-Iosa an bhuidhean tá choidhche bochd:—
Má cresehtar sinn le closaibh ni orrainn tá an lochd.

Is le n-ár n-daoinibh Eire, a's ni le Sacsa mór;—
Arg-ceart, sir ais, a Thighearna, tabhair dhúinne mar ba chóir;—
Má's maith bheith bochd, bi trócaireach. Cuir cruadhbhruid air na Gaill;
Go m-beidh siad dimhal, ómósach, 's go d-tréigfidh siad na feaill.

An cóir dhuinn bheith fonómhaideach? Tá fios againn go maith,
Gur failligheach, mall, milleánach, atá ár n-daoine air meath;—
Gidh táid faoi smachd tioránach, tá iomad fós 'nna g-cúmhachd.—
Ni gádh dóibh bheith mórdhálach, do ghnáth ag Sacsbheurlúgnadh.

Ol labhairidís an Ghaodhalige,—an teanga fáirsing, fial,
Do chanadh Adhamh a's Eabha; an teanga labhair an saoghal,
Go d-táinig ruaig an Bhaibel tre fheang Dé 'r an d-túr:—
Deir sgriobtáir linn, an lá sin, "ni'l achd aon teanga 'r Ur."

Bhí righ na Sitia 'nuair sin ag múnadh saol 'gus fialtn,
'San teanga labharthar shuas linn; sí amháin do bhí faoi neamh.
'S d'á treibh sin Clanna Mileadh. Deirim é le neart:
Mar innseann stáir na sinsear go bh-fuil an t-díreamh ceart.

Créad fáth mar sin ná labhrann sibh an teanga nasal, breagh,
Bhí ag bhur sinsior fóghluimthe? Labhradar í gan sgáth;—
Anois, 'sé brigh mo dhréachta, ná beidh sibh saor go bráth,
Le teanga Sacson diabhalta 'nn bhur m-beulaibh mar is gnáth.

—*Capt. T. D. Norris in New York Irish-American.*

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY. }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and ever case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Low Rates to St. Paul.

On account of the annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, the Northwestern Line will sell excursion tickets to St. Paul, Minn., and return at half rates—one fare for the round trip; tickets on sale July 30 and 31, good for return passage until Aug. 6, 1894, inclusive. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

T. Shea, Tailor.

238 W. Harrison-st.

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

THE GAELIC CLASS.

The Gaelic Class meets every Sunday from 2:30 to 6 o'clock p.m., in St. Patrick's Academy, Desplaines street, north of St. Patrick's church, second floor. Books can be obtained at the school from a member of the class.

Fair and Beautiful Lands Across the Sea

Give promise to the ocean voyager of health and pleasure, but there is a broad expanse of waters to be passed that rise mountain high in rough weather and grievously disturb the unaccustomed stomach, more particularly if it is that of an invalid. Moreover, the vibration of the vessel's hull caused by the motion of the screw of a steamer, a change of water and latitude, and abrupt transitions of temperature, cannot, without a medicinal safeguard, be encountered with impunity. For sea sickness, and prejudicial influences of air and water, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a standard safeguard. Tourists, yachtsmen, mariners, commercial travelers and people bound on a sea voyage or inland jaunt, should always be provided with it. Incomparable for malaria, rheumatism, neuralgia, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, sick headache, biliousness and constipation.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

St. MARY'S ACADEMY.

(One Mile West of Notre Dame University.)

The 79th Academic Term Will Open Monday, Sept. 3.

The Academic Course is thorough in the Preparatory, Senior and Classical Grades. Music Department, on the plan of the best Conservatories of Europe, is under charge of a complete corps of teachers. Studio modeled on the great Art Schools of Europe. Drawing and Painting from life and the antique. Phonography and Type-Writing taught. Buildings equipped with Fire Escapes. A separate department for children under 13. Apply for catalogue to Directress of the Academy,

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,
Notre Dame P. O., St. Joseph Co., Ind.

WHITE STAR LINE

Has Reduced its Passage Rate to Principal Points in

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

TO

$10.00.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

NATIONAL BANK OF ILLINOIS,

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business, July 18, 1894.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$ 9,404,821.10
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.		35,860.35
U. S. bonds to secure circulation (par value)		50,000.00
U.S bonds on hand (par value)		200,000.00
Other bonds		109,095.40
Real estate and mortgages owned		47,017.50
Due from national banks	$1,227,403.88	
Due from State banks and bankers	452,466.14	
Exchanges for clearing-house	357,873.48	
Notes of other national banks	42,974.00	
Nickels and cents	3,349.65	
Lawful money, reserve in bank, viz.:		
Specie	2,877,900.00	
Legal-tender notes	588,000.00	
U. S. certificates of deposit for legal tenders.	500,000.00	
		6,042,967.15
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250.00
Total		$16,090,511.51

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$ 1,000,000.00
Surplus fund		1,000,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid		294,796.84
National bank notes outstanding		45,000.00
Dividends unpaid		1,404.00
Due to other national banks	$3,229,880.73	
Due to State banks and bankers	1,382,040.18	
Individual deposits subject to check	7,747,440.81	
Demand certificates of deposit	1,093,573.16	
Certified checks	130,906.50	
Cashier's checks outstanding	155,770.29	
		13,719,220.67
Total		$16,090,511.51

State of Illinois, County of Cook, ss

I, Carl Moll, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CARL MOLL, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23d day of July, 1894. EDWIN S. WALKER, Notary Public

Correct—Attest: WILLIAM R. PAGE, ROBERT E. JENKINS, GEORGE SCHNEIDER, Directors.

SHOURDS & KASPER,

STATE & RANDOLPH-STS.

Dealers in Diamonds,

AMERICAN WATCHES

AND STERLING SILVER SPOONS.

Established 1860. Open Evening.

THE PHANTOM ARMY.

And I saw a phantom army come,
With never a sound of fife or drum,
But keeping step to a muffled hum
Of wailing lamentation:
The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,
Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville—
The men whose wasted bodies fill
The patriot graves of the nation.

And there came the unknown dead, the men
Who died in fever swamp and fen,
The slowly starved of prison pen,
And marching beside the others
Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight,
With limbs enfranchised and bearing bright.
I thought—'twas the pale moonlight—
They looked as white as their brothers.

And so all night marched the nation's dead,
With never a banner above them spread,
No sign save the bare, uncovered head
Of their silent, grim reviewer,
With never an arch but the vaulted sky,
With not a flower save those which lie
On distant graves, for love could buy
No gift that was purer or truer.

So all night long moved the strange array;
So all night long till the break of day
I watched for one who had passed away
With a reverent awe and wonder,
Till a blue cap waved in the lengthening line,
Till I knew that one who was kin of mine
Had come, and I spoke—and, lo! that sign
Awakened me from my slumber.

—Bret Harte.

A DOUBLE RESCUE.

A milk white beach of coral sand, on which were strewn thousands of exquisite shells and strange sponge forms. In front, dancing blue waters of a southern sea, stretching away into infinite space and ruffled into flashing white caps by the strong breath of the trade wind. Back of the beach stood a dense grove of cocoanut palms, stateliest and most graceful of trees. The myriad slender tips of their huge leaves rustled in the warm wind like the sharp patter of rain drops in a heavy shower. Down where the white trunks shot, tall and slender, to the dim arches of the living roof all was in dark, cool shadow, flecked now and then by dancing points of golden sunlight.

Mingled with the salt breath of the sea was a faint odor from spathes of corn colored blossoms high up among the leaf crowns. Beneath these hung clusters of fruit in all stages of development, from the size of a marble to that of a football. On the ground lay scores of the great brown, ripened cocoanuts, of so little value in that tropic land that no one cared to pick them up. They were protected by tough three cornered husks so thick as to more than double their actual size.

On one of them, turned on end, sat a boy wearing a broad brimmed, high crowned hat of palmetto braid. He was clad in a white cotton shirt and brown linen trousers turned up at the bottom. His feet were bare, and his legs, hands and face were as brown as an Indian's. He presented an ideal picture of youthful strength and that perfect health only to be acquired through out of door sunshine.

His face, generally bright and happy, was clouded as he sat, with elbows on his knees, resting his chin in his hands and gazing out over the glinting waters. The object on which his eyes were fixed was a small schooner moored 100 yards from shore, She was not more than 30 feet over all in length, but was broad of beam and solidly built.

The month was March, and the beach was that of one of those low cut, fertile Florida keys that form the southernmost limit of the United States territory.

The boy was John Albury, commonly called Grit, to distinguish him from the many other John Alburys of that region.

The schooner was the Polyanthus, formerly owned by Grit's father, who had been lost at sea the autumn before in a boat belonging to a neighbor.

For many years, while he was a widower, Mr. Albury had only occupied his home on the key at long intervals, spending most of the time with his boy and girl, Grit and Matey, on board the Polyanthus wrecking, sponging, fishing, while waiting for his cocoanut grove to come into bearing, and, as he finally hoped, to yield him an income.

The life proved a very happy one for all three, and it was a sad day for the children when it was ended by the appearance of a stepmother, who, coming from inland on the mainland, had no knowledge of nor love for boats or the water. She was not unkind, but she instituted a new order of things, strongly resented by the sailor boy and girl. Mr. Albury was persuaded to clear land and put in a crop. Grit weeded tomatoes. Matey was made to sew and do housework, while both children were taught to read and write.

Now they had very little of the sailing that they so dearly loved and for which they longed, for Mrs. Albury could see no good in boats. She even advised her husband to sell the dear old Polyanthus and ship his crops by the regular Key West trading schooner, but this, to Grit's great satisfaction, he steadily refused to do, though he so far yielded to his wife's prejudices as to spend most of his time on shore while the "Poly" swung idly at her moorings.

When the father was lost at sea in the dreadful hurricane that nearly swept away their home as well, Mrs. Albury's aversion to boats became so bitter that she would sell the Polyanthus to the first person who would offer $100 for her.

"But, mother, $100 is a ridiculous price for a fine boat like the Poly," urged Grit. "She can make that in a single month."

"She never has since I have known anything about her," replied Mrs Albury.

"No, for she hasn't had a chance. You just let me take her, and I'll show you how much she can make."

"And get drowned like your poor father and leave me and Matey to tend the crop. No, indeed, sir! You are too valuable to waste that way. I need you ashore, and so do the tomatoes. They'd bring in more money than any boat that ever was built; you see if they don't. I shouldn't be surprised if we made all of $200 off the crop this year and twice that much after we get all of the land cleared and planted."

"But boats can make as much as that, mother, and more too. Why, at a wreck"——

"Nonsense! There aren't any wrecks nowadays, and if there were what could a boy like you do at one? No, sir; you stick to tomatoes. They're safe and sure, and I'll put temptation out of your way by selling that boat first chance I get. You'll thank me for it in the end, see if you don't."

Now, the fatal day had nearly arrived. A man in Key West had sent word that he was coming to look at the Polyanthus and would probably buy her if she proved as represented. He might appear at any moment, and that was the reason why Grit Albury sat gazing sadly at the dear boat on that glorious March afternoon, instead of gathering the last of the tomato crop, which was expected to realize $200.

As the boy slowly rose to return to his work there came a sound of flying feet, and Matey's voice was heard, calling in joyous tones:

"Grit! Oh, Grit! Mother wants you to catch her a mess of fish and says I can go with you."

The lad only answered: "All right, sister. Come along," but a sudden resolution, that he did not put into words, flashed into his mind. Two minutes later a single skillful throw of a cast net into the school of sardines, always swarming alongshore, had provided a sufficiency of bait, and a light skiff was dancing merrily over the blue waves.

"Why, Grit! Where are you going?" demanded Matey as the skiff was headed directly for the Polyanthus.

"Out to the reef after fish," was the answer.

"But Grit"——

"Never mind the buts now, little girl. That's where we are going, and we're going in the schooner too. Mother said fish, but so far as I have heard she didn't say what kind of fish, and so, of course, meant the best fish, such as Spanish mackerel, kingfish, yellow tails or drums. You know that we can't find those shut off the reef any more'n we can go out to where they are in a skiff. Besides, sister, it's our very last chance for a sail in the old Poly. She's going to be sold, or rather given away, tomorrow, and I don't suppose we'll ever see her again or own another boat."

Of course this was convincing, for Matey not only dearly loved to sail, but was firm in her belief that whatever Girt said or did was right. Thus an hour later saw the little schooner, after a glorious run across the broad Hawk channel, anchored just inside the great coral reef that borders the gulf stream for more than 290 miles, and on which huge breakers were dashing themselves into showers of glistening spray. The fishing was superb and so absorbing that the sun was sinking into its bed of crimson and gold ere either Grit or Matey thought of starting for home.

When at length they were ready to go and attempted to get up the anchor, all their strength on the windlass failed to budge it. A fluke had caught beneath some great bunch of coral, and with boylike carelessness Grit had neglected to provide a trip line. It was quite dark before he abandoned the attempt to recover their anchor and said cheerfully: "Never mind, Matey, girl. It won't hurt us to stay out here overnight, and as soon as it comes light again I'll dive down there and see what is the matter. I'm not going to cut the cable and lose that brand new anchor unless I have to, that's sure."

So they cooked a supper of fish and made themselves so comfortable in the snug little cabin that they rather rejoiced in their adventure than otherwise. So soundly did they sleep that night that not until he was flung from his locker on the cabin floor did Grit awaken to the fact that the Poly was pitching madly and that a gale was shrieking through her taut rigging. Calling to Matey, the boy sprang on the deck, where he was well nigh beaten down by the furious squall of wind and rain that just then hurled itself against the schooner.

There was an instant of quivering strain. Then something gave way, and Grit knew what had happened. The tense cable had parted, and they were helplessly drifting at the mercy of the storm. For a moment even Grit's stout heart quailed. He could see nothing save the ghostlike forms of leaping breakers that seemed to crowd about him from all sides. He could not even tell from which direction the squall was blowing. Matey had joined him in the cockpit, with as full an understanding of the situation as his own. No words passed between them, for none could have been heard above the shriek of wind and the roar of waters. They seemed to be driving with frightful speed, and, as the brother and sister stood hand in hand, waiting their fate, they expected that each succeeding moment would see their craft dashed in pieces on the cruel reef.

Minutes passed, and still they swept on. Suddenly Grit uttered a great cry of relief that was almost a sob.

"We've passed the breakers! We're clear of the reef! We're out in the gulf! We're safe, Matey, girl!" he shouted.

To any one not a sailor it would have seemed that they were anything but safe, out in the open sea, driving through inky darkness, and with the worst squall of the season howling furiously about them, but Matey was a sailor. She knew, and down in her heart arose a fervent prayer of thankfulness.

The next change of scene was most surprising. Daylight had come; the sun was rising. Before a gentle breeze, with all sails set, the Polyanthus was approaching a great steamship that had struck on an outlying spur of the reef during the blinding bewilderment of the recent squall.

"I do believe it's a wreck!" Matey had exclaimed rapturously, when her sharp eyes first discovered the stranded ship.

"Oh, if it only should be!" cried Grit, who could hardly believe that so great a piece of good fortune had befallen them. Then, with anxious, beating hearts the young sailors had shaken out their reefs and laid a course toward the lights that marked the dimly looming hulk.

"Great Scott!" cried the captain of the stranded steamship as he caught sight of the schooner's sails. "Here's a reef wrecker alongside already. I believe these fellows live at sea and can smell a wreck a hundred miles!"

"Hello, there!" he shouted a few minutes later as the schooner drew near. "Take a line, but don't you dare come aboard. I'm not in humor to give up my ship to you pirates yet. So stay where you are, and I'll come to you."

"Don't you want your cargo lightened, sir, or anchor carried?" inquired Grit anxiously as the captain slid down a rope and sood on the Poly's deck.

"No. I'm not in a hurry to break out my hold, and I want to try something else before hedging," answered the captain. "Who is captain of this craft?"

"I am, sir."

"You?" cried the other, regarding the lad incredulously. "Well, then, where is the crew?"

"There, sir," replied Grit, pointing to Matey.

"Well, I am blessed!" gasped the captain. "A boy and a girl! Even the babies in arm turn wreckers on this coast. However," he added, "perhaps you'll do as well as an older. Can you dive?"

"Of course I can, sir," answered Grit promptly.

"Are you afraid of sharks?"

"I should say not," was the contemptuous answer.

"Well, my men are, and I can't even swim, much less dive," continued the captain, "but I want a diver to go down and tell me just how my ship lies. I have a plan that I am anxious to try, if things are as I think. If you'll help me carry it out, I'll give you $500 for an hour's work, provided we get this ship off within that time. Is it a bargain?"

"Put it in writing and have it witnessed, cap'n," replied the cautious Grit, "and I'll sign the paper. It only holds for one hour, though. Then, if you're not afloat, we'll make a new bargain, and if she's to be lightened I'm to be wreckmaster and take charge, 'cause mine is the first schooner here. Is that right?"

"Yes, that's right," smiled the captain grimly. "I reckon you've taken part in wrecks before?"

"A few," laughed Grit.

By the time the paper was made out and handed to Matey for safe keeping, Grit was ready to perform his share of the bargain. He dived from the bows of the schooner and was gone nearly a minute. Then he came up for breath and almost immediately dived again. He repeated this operation four times without telling what he had discovered. Meanwhile the passengers and crew of the steamship crowded the rail, and leaning over watched his operations with breathless interest.

Finally the young diver clambered aboard and related to the captain that his ship had struck, well forward, on a narrow ledge with deep water on both sides, and that she was afloat, with the exception of a space 10 feet long near her bow.

"That is just about what I gathered from soundings," replied the captain. "Now, I want you to go down again, taking a lead line with you, and locate some good sized hole or crevice as near the bottom of the ledge as you can get. Leave the lead behind to mark the spot where you come up."

Grit wondered at this strange order, but did as directed, and after several descents into the clear water finally located a deep fissure nearly 20 feet beneath the surface.

"Is the hole large enough to hold this?" asked the captain when the young wrecker again came on board the schooner. As he spoke the former held out a square tin canister to which was attached a reel of slender copper wire.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy. "It's big enough to hold me."

"Very good. Now, if you will go down once more, taking this can with you, and thrust it as far as possible into the hole, I will not ask you to go into the water again."

Grit cast a curious glance at the captain's face to see if he could detect any indication of madness, but the only signs he discovered were of perfect intelligence and an indomitable will. Still, as the boy again stepped over the side ready to descend into the crystal depths and the canister was handed to him, his suspicion of the captain's sanity was revived by the latter's parting instructions.

"Take care of this can as you would of your own life," he said earnestly. "Don't let it hit against anything, and place it gently as far in the crevice as you can reach. It holds your life and fortune as well as mine."

These words were so strange, and the whole business was so different from the usual proceedings in connection with a wrecked ship, that even as Grit worked at his novel task far beneath the blue surface the one thought that filled his mind was, "He is as crazy as crazy can be." However, he carried out his instructions, and when he regained the schooner's deck he found it occupied by all the passengers of the stranded steamship.

"Take them off on a five minutes' cruise," ordered the captain as with his own hands he cast off the lines holding the schooner. Then he swung himself up the steamship's side and disappeared in his own cabin.

At the end of five minutes the Polyanthus was nearly a quarter of a mile away, and her young skipper, who was trying to answer a hundred questions at once from the bewildered passengers, was also wondering what he should do next. All at once it was noticed that the propeller of the great ship was working furiously backward.

Then came the most surprising thing that has ever happened in all the annals of wrecking on the Florida reefs. There was a heavy vibratory explosion, accompanied by a muffled roar. To those who happened to be looking toward the ship at that moment she seemed to be lifted bodily from the water. The next instant she was enveloped and hidden from view in a vast, fountainlike column of foam. Directly afterward the ship reappeared floating as steadily as ever in her life on the great billows of the mysterious submarine disturbance and running rapidly backward.

Late that afternoon the schooner Polyanthus again picked up her moorings off the glistening coral beach, and the young wreckers made their way to the little house beneath the cocoanuts, in which their stepmother, as yet unconscious of their return, sat nearly distracted by a sudden accumulation of troubles. She was wild with anxiety over Grit and Matey. A man had come from Key West to look at the Polyanthus with a view to purchasing her, but finding her absent and being pressed for time had gone away again. He had, moreover, left behind him a letter from the northern commission house to which Mrs. Albury had sent her tomatoes, stating that the entire shipment had arrived spoiled and unsalable, so that instead of being entitled to returns from them she was indebted for freight charges.

As the poor woman sat quite overwhelmed by her misfortunes there came an exulting shout outside, and the next moment Grit and Matey rushed in, alive, well and breathless with excitement.

"Hurrah, mother!" cried the former as he wildly waved a slip of paper above his head. "We've got your fish and only staid out a little longer to give the old Poly a chance to earn this $500, just to show you what she was good for!"

"Yes, we've been wrecking!" chimed in Matey, "and we've wrecked a big steamship, Grit and I and Poly have, and got her off all right, and you won't sell the dear old boat now, will you, mother?"

"What on earth do you crazy children mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Albury slowly as she took the New York draft for $500 from Grit's hands to examine it. "How could a mere boy and a still younger girl like you two wreck a big steamship and get her off?"

"Ma," replied Grit, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, "I don't exactly understand myself how we did it, but I think we blew her up with dynamite."—St. Louis Republic.

The Stars and Stripes.

The United States flag was first saluted by a foreign power when the ship Ranger, in command of Captain Paul Jones, entered Quiberon bay, France, Feb. 14, 1778, the salute being given by Admiral la Motte, representing the French government. The first American flag flown in a foreign port was from the truck of the brig Nancy, in command of Captain Hugh Montgomery, at St. Thomas in 1776. The first time it was displayed on a fortress of the old world was on April 27, 1805, at Tripoli, when the 15 starred and striped flag was raised in victory.

It was said to have been raised over Fort Nassau, New Providence, on the 28th of January, 1778, when Captain John Rathburne took possession of the fort and captured several prizes in the harbor. This also is supposed to be one of the first occasions on which the American flag was nailed to its staff in token of absolute defiance, as the people of the city had gathered 500 strong to demand the surrender of the fort.

The honor of having first hoisted the flag in an English port after the treaty of 1783 belongs to the Bedford of Nantucket, commanded by Captain William Mooers and owned by William Rotch of New Bedford. The Bedford arrived in The Downs Feb. 3, 1783, with 487 butts of whale oil. The Political Magazine of that date says, "This is the first vessel which has displayed the 13 rebellious stripes of America in any British port."—New York Sun.

Handel's Plagiarisms.

As a plagiarist Handel claims special attention. Other men's musical ideas crowded upon his receptive mind as lavishly as did his own, and he seems to have turned them very largely to account. A later age, with a more scrutinizing eye and analytical craze than his own, has discovered that Handel has justly entitled himself to the reputation of being a musical pirate, as bold and barefaced as was ever abroad. He did not merely borrow ideas — he lifted whole movements en bloc.

One charge will suffice, although Erba, Stradella, Colonna and others have all been laid under contribution. When in 1743 a grateful nation returned thanks for the battle of Dettingen, Handel provided a "Te Deum," presumably of his own composition. It has been discovered, however, that the composition is mainly the music of a "Te Deum" by Urio, who was a chapel master in Venice in the seventeenth century.

No less than nine movements in the "Dettingen Te Deum" and six in "Saul" are "cribs" of an amazing and audacious nature for Urio's work. What induced Handel to thus appropriate and palm off as his own other men's work no one has discovered. It is a great blot on an otherwise honorable artistic career and is the less excusable because it must have been even less trouble for him to write an original movement than to copy one.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Gallantry Remarkable.

"I think that Mr. Bellefield is the very politest man I know," said Miss Hiland to her particular friend.

"What has he done now?" asked Miss Dukane.

"You know he will never keep his seat in a street car if there is a lady standing."

"I know that."

"Well, I got in a crowded car the other day, and Mr. Bellefield was there. He did not have a seat to offer me, but he said, as graciously as you please, 'Won't you take my strap, Miss Hiland?'" — Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

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No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metal, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
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No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

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OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

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No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

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LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH — NO. 2488. PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

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LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

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LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

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HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

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"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

A HOUSE OF FREAKS.

THE QUEER WHIMS OF AN ECCENTRIC RESIDENT OF CHICAGO.

He Has Money to Spend and Pays It Out For Work Upon a Hotel Which Is Altered as Often as Once a Year, but Which Has Never Been Occupied.

On a certain west side street there stands a big white four story building. One would say it was an apartment house were it not that it seems to be empty. But each spring and fall signs of life invest the place. Workmen in blue overalls and jumpers come in gangs. Wagons drive up and unload lumber, bricks and mortar. Windows and doors are opened, and the ears of the people in the vicinity are greeted with the sound of hammer and saw. Were this building to be destroyed a landmark would disappear, and were its owner to die Chicago would lose one of its characters.

Possessed of an ample fortune, this man, who may be called Colonel Perkins, gratifies some of the queerest whims which ever burdened mortal man or caused a mirthful public no end of amusement. This building is the object on which the colonel works his own sweet will, and its interior has probably worn more different aspects within the last five years than any other building in this city.

For heaven only knows how many years the colonel has intended to open a hotel. Once always and sometimes twice every year workmen are engaged, material purchased, and for a few weeks great bustle and confusion go on within the white walls. Partitions are torn down and put up, painters and paper hangers change the appearance of the rooms, and a great renovation is effected. This goes on for perhaps a month. Then suddenly the workmen are called off, doors and windows are closed, and the house is apparently empty for months. About the time the people are becoming accustomed to the deserted appearance of the place the workmen again appear and tear out what they had put in.

The colonel spends from $500 to $5,000 every time he gets the workmen into the house. As you go into the building you first notice a great oak staircase leading from the main hall. Years ago the colonel was in Vienna. In some old building there he saw a staircase with painted panels and inlaid tiles and scrolls and gimcracks of one sort and another in it. He was entranced and determined to have a counterpart of it in his new hotel, which he would open for the World's fair year. When he came home, he hired workmen, and a part of them he put on the staircase. The men started to work with sandpaper and pumice stone to take off the old paint and varnish. The colonel stopped them. They must scrape it with glass, he said. The foreman tried to explain that they could do it quicker and better their way, but to no purpose. It would not do. It must be scraped with glass. He was paying for that staircase, and he was going to have it done this way. So the men got pieces of broken glass and began to scrape. From morning till night a half dozen men scraped and scratched away with bits of glass. They finished the work in time, but the sum which it cost the colonel was something prodigious.

Then he concluded that a furnace in a house was a poor idea, so he had that taken out and the registers stuffed up. He said when he opened his hotel he would furnish the guests with candles, and they could have stoves if they chose to pay for them. The cheapest room in the house was to be $2 a day.

Personally Colonel Perkins does not like running water in a room. Therefore he has had it shut off in his room and a basin set in the stationary bowl. A pitcher of water sets on the floor. This oddity's bed, or rather the way it is placed, is the queerest imaginable. If a person were to walk suddenly into this man's bedroom, he would rub his eyes and wonder where he was. Suspended in the center of the room by chains from the ceiling is the colonel's bed. He reaches it by means of a small stepladder, which he had built for the purpose. The reason he assigns for having his bed placed in this singular position is that the air circulates better up there. How the circulation of air could have any bearing on the case is not easily seen, as the transom and every window in the room is nailed shut with big spikes.

The blankets on the bed are of the finest silk. These he sends to Boston to be cleaned, where he also sends his trousers every month to be pressed.

One time during an annual campaign of repairs the colonel concluded the mattresses and pillows needed refilling and the chairs and sofas needed new upholstering. Instead of sending the things out to be fixed he had men come to the house. The mattresses, pillows and furniture were all ripped open, and the contents he had the men pile in one room. Half way to the ceiling was a heap of hay, corn husks, curled hair and excelsior, and there it remains to this day, or at least a part of it is in that room. A portion, through carelessly opened doors and windows, has been blown through the rest of the house. The frames of the furniture also had to be all scraped with glass, and the cost was something like three times what new furniture would cost.

Another innovation which the colonel says he will embody in his hotel is doors which sink into the floor. He proposes to have the doors fitted so that by pressing a button they will sink into grooves until the top is flush with the floor. Pressure upon another button brings them up again.

Whenever he intends to go on a trip his trunks are packed and sent on exactly three days before he leaves. If by any accident the baggage is delayed one day, the colonel postpones his departure just one day.—Chicago Tribune.

HE MAY BE A LORD.

W. W. Astor Said to Be In Training For the British Peerage.

England continues to speak of William Waldorf Astor as an American, and America laughs at him as an imitation Englishman, but the truth is he is so much an Englishman that he is actually slated for the peerage. This may seem incredible in America, and yet it is a fact.

You are probably aware that Mr. Waldorf Astor has already become a British subject, and since he naturalized himself here he has enjoyed preferential election to that select circle of England's territorial magnates, that political holiest of the holies, the Carlton club. A further step in his upward flight was his nomination for the bench of the county of Middlesex, and he will be forthwith gazetted justice of the peace. That is an honor conferred by the lord high chancellor, acting for the crown, on the nomination of the lord lieutenant of the county. It entitles the holder to rank as justice of the quorum and is an inevitable preparatory step to higher rank. So far so good, but the half has not yet been told. He has been offered a baronetcy, but, not quite content with that, stipulates for the rank of a baron at least and will undoubtedly succeed.

Let me explain the difference in rank between a baronet and a baron. The former is the lowest order of hereditary rank and entitles the holder to be addressed as sir and his spouse as lady. It is in point of procedure rank 65 and permits the holder to sit in the house of commons, whereas that of baron entitles the holder to the rank, title and dignity of my lord and a seat in the house of lords. The style of address to the spouse of the holder of the title is still my lady. The rank of baron is the lowest of the five orders of peers and entitles the family of the holders to be known and addressed as honorable.

Lord Beaconsfield once said that there was "a certain moral force in a name and a dignity in a double barreled name." Mr. Astor is of the same opinion. He writes and styles himself Waldorf Astor. So in books of reference look under W and not under A. Mr. Waldorf Astor, however, is doing well and is appreciated here. He has always been in good hands, having from the first been chaperoned by that fine old English gentleman, that sturdy old courtier, Christopher Sykes.

Success in social life in England depends entirely on whose hands one gets in, and it is not always that the most written about are the most desirable. In the case of Mr. Waldorf Astor, his chaperon is not much known outside, but Christopher is a man of rare judgment and unsullied character, and, what is more, one of H. R. H.'s set, high in the favor of Queen Victoria and socially a power behind the throne. From the standpoint of practical politics the giving of social rank to Mr. Waldorf Astor is brilliant. It will tend to attract other multimillionaires, and when we get the Astors, Vanderbilts, Havemeyers, Rockefellers, Goulds and others our London season will blossom like a rose, and when the few remaining coronets of British aristocrats now in pawn be redeemed then the plebeian government of the United States may devise some means of social demarcation to keep her millionaires at home. Meanwhile a cordial welcome awaits them here.—Cor. Philadelphia Times.

JOSS IS TO HAVE A NEW TEMPLE.

Surrounded by Toys Oriental Luxuries, the Deity Will Receive Due Homage.

"The Chinese citizens of Chicago will soon have the most magnificent josshouse in America," said Sam Moy to a reporter. "The entire furnishings for the place are now being designed and made in China, and we expect to open the house in about three months. Our people are habitually very quiet and not given to display or parade, but the dedication of the new josshouse will be attended with Chinese ceremonies and a parade far more elaborate than has ever been seen in Chicago and probably in the United States.

"The place will not be used as a josshouse alone, but also as the lodge or headquarters of the Chinese Freemasons of this city. There are many of these here, and the society is hundreds of years old in China. In addition to this it will serve as a place for the temporary entertainment of the people of our nation who make a few days' stop in the city. They will be housed and taken care of there."

Hip Lung, probably the wealthiest Celestial in Chicago and a relative of Sam Moy, explained that every piece of furnishings for the josshouse is being designed and made in China, and that the furniture will cost not less than $2,000. It will be made of ebony and other rare and costly oriental woods and will be elaborately carved and heavily decorated with gold.

The entire cost of the house will not be less than $7,000 or $8,000, and there will be nothing like it in America. It will have two large josrooms, with the finest Chinese hangings, decorations and furnishings. Then there will be a large general parlor or reception room for entertaining the general guests and two private parlors for special use.

The location of the josshouse is not yet known.—Chicago Post.

Stratford-upon-Avon.

It is a pity that the Americans are not allowed to buy Stratford-upon-Avon and transport it to the States. They would at least treat it with the respect it deserves, which is more than we do. A short time ago the carved oak doors, which were placed at the north end of the church a century before Shakespeare was born, were temporarily removed, whereupon a utilitarian churchwarden sold them as lumber. The purchaser intends to build a pigsty with them. Those of the inhabitants who have heard of Shakespeare are indignant. And so what the purchaser bought at the price of a pigsty he is willing to resell at the price of historic relics.—Pall Mall Budget.

JERUSALEM'S BOOM.

The Holy City Has Caught the Fever of Modern Progress—Promising Environment.

The British consul at Jerusalem in his last report gives some interesting details respecting the state of the Holy City. It appears that buildings of various kinds continue to be erected in the vicinity, and that the city is far outgrowing its former limits. On the western side houses have increased so rapidly within the last few years that quite a large suburb has arisen where formerly there were fields and vineyards. Every available piece of land is now being bought up by private persons or by benevolent societies and missions, and already the name of Modern Jerusalem has been given to this new quarter.

Last year the first public garden was completed outside the Jaffa gate, and the trade is generally increasing, especially that in Jaffa oranges, olive wood work (now an important local industry) and olive oil. The export of colocynth declined in consequence of a tithe levied on it by the authorities. It is gathered by Arabs in the neighborhood of Gaza, where it grows wild. An interesting enterprise which has recently been commenced is the collection of the bitumen which rises to the surface and floats about on the Dead sea. Two sailing boats were taken by train from Jaffa to Jerusalem and then conveyed in carts to the Jordan, where they were floated down the river to the Dead sea, and they are now engaged in picking up the bitumen, which is in much request in Europe.

The consul thinks it would be advantageous to trade with the inland districts if a steam launch and lighters were placed on the Dead sea to ferry across the produce of Moab, which is a country that is rich in cereals, fruit and cattle. At present it is conveyed by caravans round the north or south end of the Dead sea, entailing a journey of from four to five days. Kerak, the chief town of Moab, is now garrisoned with Ottoman troops, and authority is established there, so that if rapid communication were established the whole produce of Moab would find its way to Jerusalem and the coast.—Boston Transcript.

ROSEBERY AND RACING.

The Prime Minister Is Not Yet Out of His Wrangle With the Nonconformists.

The nonconformist conscience has finally succeeded in drawing out Lord Rosebery on the subject of horse races, or rather race horses, for a sharp distinction is made between the two phrases. The premier's clever interpretation of the Puritan figure of Cromwell, between himself and his virtuous critics is accepted as a practically conclusive argument in a country which ranks precedent as higher authority than principle.

This paramount characteristic of the English mind is amazingly shown in the reply to the prime minister's urbane retort. Instead of defying the historic example of the lord protector and sticking to its guns, the Antigambling society weakly suggests that if Cromwell had possessed as much knowledge of the evils of gambling as is now available he would have sold his race horses, as Rosebery is asked to do.

The two letters have started the discussion afresh, but the episode has so amused the English that the winner of the Derby has little to fear. It is an interesting fact that Rosebery's most numerous and enthusiastic defenders are among his political opponents. The Liberal party has much more to fear from the stern virtues of the nonconformist conscience.

So some organs which support the prime minister politically take a dubious view of the incident. Enemies like The Times and The Telegraph chuckle gleefully over the discomfiture of the critics. They review copiously the history of the great pretender's sporting proclivities and lament any decadence in the favorite national pastime.—New York Sun's London Letter.

HOMING PIGEONS IN THE NAVY.

A Trial on the Monongahela Demonstrates Their Value as Messengers.

The United States practice ship Monongahela, Captain C. M. Chester commanding, has arrived in Gardiner's bay from Annapolis. She has three classes of naval cadets on board and is on her summer cruise.

An interesting experiment with a pigeon messenger service was tried. The Monongahela took with her a number of birds from the Naval academy loft. Each day after leaving Annapolis one of these was released with messages for home. The last was liberated 90 miles off Cape Henry and fully 200 miles from Annapolis. Advices received from Annapolis show the birds reached there in good time.

Lieutenant F. N. Tyler will put in a messenger pigeon loft at the Norfolk navy yard, as the experiment, the officers of the Monongahela declare, has shown such a messenger service can be made an important feature of all our naval stations and warships cruising along the coast.—New York World.

A Pine Knot Squirrel Hunt.

"A pine knot squirrel hunt is about the most exciting sport I know," said A. R. McIlvane. "In the pine woods of the south there are a great many squirrels, and the ground is covered with knots. These are very hard, and their shape renders them much easier than stones to throw straight. Frequently parties of expert throwers are formed to kill squirrels without guns, and it is remarkable how successful they are. When a squirrel is sighted, the man who discovers him has the first throw, and if the squirrel is not hit it belongs to whoever gets it. About one-half of the throws bring the squirrels down, and the party will often return with 100 of the animals. As the trees are high and the squirrels are generally on the branches, the difficulty of hitting them is very great, but the skill of a great many with these knots is remarkable."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

RIDDLES OF ANCIENT TIMES.

Anagrams and Acrostics Have Been Known Since the Days of the Psalmist.

It seems ridiculous that the people who lived hundreds and hundreds of years ago were more interested in puzzles than you and I are today. This is true nevertheless. The puzzles I refer to are those in writing, although the ancients probably occupied some of their spare time with strange and puzzling devices of wood and metal, as we do. What a pleasure it is to solve the problems in our favorite magazines or newspapers! It is very good exercise for one's brains, too, and where a prize is offered to the fortunate boy or girl who first solves the puzzles of different kinds the work is more pleasant still in the anticipation of proving oneself a little cleverer than the others and of receiving the gift. We find that the acrostic is the most ancient form of puzzling mankind. Acrostic is Greek for a number of verses, the first letters of which form a word—sometimes a name and sometimes a sentence. The final letter may form a word, or, as Addison tells us, the letters will even run down the center of the verses as a seam. The Hebrew poets often made their verses run over the entire alphabet. Twelve of the psalms are written on this plan, the most notable being the one hundred and nineteenth. This has 22 divisions of stanzas, corresponding to the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet. Each stanza is formed of eight couplets, and the first line of each couplet in the first stanza in the original Hebrew begins with the letter aleph, the second commences with beth, the third with gimel and so on through the alphabet. The English divisions of the psalms are called after the Hebrew letter that began the couplets. It was also customary to compose verses on sacred subjects after the fashion of Hebrew acrostics. This was done with a view to aid memory, and such pieces were called abecedarian hymns.

The riddle is also of ancient origin. The Proverbs of the Bible, or sayings attributed to Solomon, are often in the form of riddles. Was it not the Queen of Sheba who proposed riddles to Solomon? The Koran, the scriptural book of the Mohammedans, also contains riddles, as do some books now in existence, written in Arabic and Persian. The ancient Egyptians also propounded riddles, and one of the seven wise men of Greece, who lived in the sixth century B. C., was celebrated for his riddles in verse. Homer, the Greek poet, according to a statement in Plutarch, died of vexation at not being able to solve a riddle. In the middle ages riddles were encouraged for amusement on winter nights in the baronial hall and also in the monastery. In later days some of the most brilliant men of letters contributed to the list of riddles.

The anagram, or transposition of the letters in words or sentences, was much in vogue in Greece in the olden times. The Cabalists, or Jewish doctors, thought that the anagram always pointed out a man's destiny, and if his name written backward or transposed in any way spelled a word with meaning they firmly believed it a revelation. The flatterers of James I of England proved his right to the British monarchy as the descendant of the mythical King Arthur from his name Charles James Stuart, which becomes "claims Arthur's seat." The best anagrams are those which have in the new order of letters some signification appropriate to that from which they are formed. When Pilate asked, "Quid est veritas?" (What is truth?), he probably had no idea that his question answered itself. But it did. The transposition made it, "Est vir qui adest" (It is the man who is here). Anagrams were written as early as 250 B. C., and their name comes from the Greek words ana, backward, and gramma, writing.—Philadelphia Press.

Secret of Living Long.

The necessity of relative harmony throughout the entire physical system cannot be too strongly urged. Herein lies the chief secret of health and long life. Manifest weakness, or even predominant strength, in any part opens the avenue for the invasion of disease and the approach of death. What can be done for the realization and maintenance of structural and vital harmony? Space would fail us to give details adapted to varying conditions, but the underlying fundamental principle for its accomplishment may be imparted in few words. Strive to strengthen and develop those parts of the body which have been slighted by nature or weakened by disease or abuse; guard zealously such structures and see that they are never subjected to undue strain or too active exertion; neglect not the improvement of every part of the economy, but seek first to improve the weakest structures; look well to organs of vital importance—the heart, lungs, kidneys, etc.—and seek especially to advance their good. A fine physique is not to be ignored, but of far greater importance are a strong pair of lungs, a normal, well guarded heart, good digestive apparatus and functionally sound kidneys. The strengthening and developing of vital structures require more skill and perseverance than the training of the muscular system and should be conducted with much care and diligence.—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

Eat Fruits.

The warmth of summer tends to biliousness and fevers, and the free use of fruits counteracts this tendency. This is because the acids of the fruit help to facilitate the separation of the bile from the blood, a process slackened by the approach of hot weather. "Fruits are cooling" is an expression often used, but why this is so very few understand. They are so because the acid of the fruit stimulates the liver to greater activity in separating the bile from the blood, which is its proper work, the result of which is the bowels become free, the pores of the skin are open, and under such conditions fever and want of appetite are impossible.

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Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4235 Wentworth av; Michael Reilly, V-P; M D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 32d st; James Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Vernia hall, 47th st near Halsted, 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m.

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Div 8—J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; Thomas Donohoe, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 117 E Erie st; John P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

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Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Ladin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lennon, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 183 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1925 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4033 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 3 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eder, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queely's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 13—John Devy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 18—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 826 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemstege, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 87th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2301 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 539 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 60th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9229 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4729 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Joe H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 347 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 128 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 154 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 773 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Dengen, 411 Gilenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 133 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 236 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 79 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 573 Wells st; R S, A C Lupke, 129 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, P T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael P Dalton, 3305 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Martin Co

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—Ss.—Circuit Court of Cook County. July Term, A. D. 1894. Mary Hart vs. Edward Hart. In Chancery. No. 131,930.
Notice is hereby given to the said Edward Hart that the above named complainant heretofore filed her Bill of Complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August A. D. 1894, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.
FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.
James McEnerny, Compl'ts Sol'r.

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